National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Pro-Slavery.

THE DISUNIONISTS OF THE SOUTH.

MANY conscientious members of the Democratic party are in the habit of treating those of their party in the South who perceive no difference between the secession doctrines of the Nashville Convention and disunion, as alarmists or not orthodox, on the subject of State rights, as understood and defined by Jefferson and Madison. Such men say that he is not a disunionist who insists on the conditions contained in the Constitution, by which the powers of the Federal Government are limited, and all the powers that are not delegated are reserved to the people or the States respectively; and inasmuch as secession is only claimed as a right when the Constitution has been clearly violated, the secessionist is not a disunionist. This is the logic of many in Georgia and Mississippi who acquiesce in the Compromise, but still think it their duty to uphold those who denounce that measure, because the abstract right of secession is, they know not how, connected with their position. Let those who are thus about to be misled by the artifices of the disciples of Messrs. Rhett and Cheves read the article which we subjoin from the *Southern Sentinel*, published at Columbus, Georgia, dated August, 21. This paper is the zealous advocate of Governor McDonald, who was president of the Nashville Convention, and gave his endorsement to the principle that a State, with or without cause, has a right to secede at her pleasure from the Union, and that her co-States are bound to protect that right, if there should be any attempt to interpose against its exercise the constitutional authority of the General Government. That *something* more was intended by a resolution of the above import than the abstract right of secession founded on a case of intolerable oppression, like that described in the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions of 1798 and 1799, and admitted by Gen. Jackson when he was asking Congress for authority to overcome the obstruction threatened by South Carolina in 1832, was well known to the country, and constituted an urgent reason for the adoption of the Compromise. The secessionists had decided, when that principle was adopted by the Nashville Convention, that there should be no acquiescence in the Compromise, that that measure must be treated as such an infraction of the Constitution as to justify revolution, and that the General Government should be obliged to retrace its steps, and give some satisfactory indemnity to the South for the wrongs inflicted, and some security, not now provided by the Constitution, for the future. In other words, the project of a Southern Confederacy then existed; and the mode of accomplishing it was to foster the spirit of discontent in South Carolina, deceiving her people with the idea that they were the victims of palpable and intolerable oppression, from which they could only escape by such an act of secession as that which was realized by our fathers when they acquired independence. The great point was not to establish the abstract right of secession, but to make *an experiment of secession*, and to rely upon the sympathy which the Southern people feel for each other to paralyze the just powers of the Federal Government, and overthrow forever the system of Union which had been cemented by the blood of our fathers.

That such is not a misrepresentation of the leading object of that party in the South, which united with Mr. Cheves in his declaration that the Constitution was a dead carcass, and that there was no hope but in a Southern Confederacy, becomes every day more and more apparent, and can scarcely now be contradicted by any one who has had access to the ordinary sources of information. Hence, there is no effort to mask the object, and we accordingly see it proclaimed in all such organs as the *Southern Sentinel*. That organ, speaking of those in South Carolina who are postponing secession until a co-operating party can be formed out of the State, says: "*They profess a desire for Southern Confederacy, but they wish to wait until other States are ready to form it with them. Suppose no other States will move, will she continue to submit? We hope not.*" But it is useless to analyze any of the particular expressions in the article which we subjoin. There is not a paragraph or sentence in it which does not show that the decree has gone forth against the preservation of the Constitution and the Union. There is not a sentiment in it which does not authorize the assertion that South Carolina secession means separation from the Union—instant, practical secession; and that her citizens are encouraged to take this monstrous step under such expectations as Lopez cherished when he attempted to revolutionize Cuba. "*Let the people of Cuba begin, and they will have plenty of help. So say we now of South Carolina; let her begin and she will soon have plenty of help.*"

Can any Democrat in the South or North read these declarations and not feel a blush on his cheek, that they are made by men who seek to render them palatable by declaring that they are consistent with State rights, as practised and understood by Jefferson and Jackson? Can any intelligent citizen, whatever may be the party to which he belongs, believe that these declarations are the result of any wish to maintain the abstract right of a State to withdraw from the Union when the oppression of the Fedral Government is intolerable? We think not; and hence we expose them, as the offspring alone of the party which is determined to break up this Union, and which we will claim for the authors of the first practical movement towards that object the same merit that will be accorded to the revolutionists in Cuba, if the succeed in overthrowing the Spanish authority in that island. We sympathize with the Cubans because we acknowledge the right of all people to conquer their freedom; but we are revolted at the delusion which would overthrow freedom after it has been fixed on a solid and constitutional basis, as ours is.

THE CO-OPERATION PARTY OF SOUTH CAROLINA.—It appears to us that those who propose to wait for co-operation are pursuing a strangely fatal and suicidal policy, if they are sincere in their professions of a desire to act at all. "Put your shoulders to the wheel, and then call on Hercules," is an old adage, and one full of meaning and sense. They profess a desire for a Southern Confederacy, but they wish to wait until other States are ready to form it with them. Suppose no other State will move, will she continue to submit? We hope not.

The only way in which there can be co-operation is for somebody to begin. We received in our revolutionary struggle no aid from France until we had put our shoulders to the wheel. Suppose Massachusetts had postponed her resistance until she could have got the other colonies to declare their independence, we should have been dependencies of the British Government perhaps to this day. When Lopez, some months since, attempted to revolutionize Cuba, everybody said it was a great piece of folly. "Let the people of Cuba" said they, "begin themselves, and they will have plenty of help." So say we now of South Carolina; let her begin, and she will soon have plenty of help. If the North should have the wisdom to let her alone, quietly to manage her own affairs, why, the South would go with her, as a matter of course, and so will the West. But if, in their arrogance and folly, they should attempt to make war upon her, the whole South will rise up in her defence.

The great evil that will result from the co-operationists of South Carolina is, that they render their friends in other States powerless—they destroy the chance of co-operation. As States, Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi cannot co-operate without a majority to give them the control of the Government. Hence, although the Southern-rights party in Georgia may be in the minority by only one hundred, they can do nothing to bring about co-operation while South Carolina waits for it. Let South Carolina move, and she will not only have the Southern-rights party of Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi to co-operate with her, but she will soon have the whole of all of the States. There is not a candidate for office in Georgia now who dares to say that he would be in favour of using force against South Carolina. If the North were to attempt it, there would be but few who would not be in favour of using force in her defence. There is not a Union press or a Union candidate in Georgia, so far as we know, who dares even to discuss fairly the right of secession. Even those who were wont to talk so much about treason, and traitors, and this glorious Union, no longer dare deny the right of secession. It is true that, while they admit the right, they endeavour to mistify it by talking about revolution; but there is not a man among them who dare advocate the right of the General Government to use force; and if they dared plainly and openly to deny the right of secession, there could not be a Union man elected in Georgia—not even Tombs and Stephens.

Then, if South Carolina wants co-operation, let her act. If she were out of the Union to-day, we have no doubt that the Southern-rights party would carry the elections in October by an overwhelming majority.—*Southern Sentinel.*

THE BARGAIN BETWEEN SEWARD AND FILLMORE.

ON the 2d instant the two branches of the Whig party of New York met at Albany, and adopted a platform preparatory to the State election this fall, and the presidential election in 1852. The friends of Mr. Fillmore, who have made a sickly show of opposition to the higher-law party, have basely, openly, and shamelessly surrendered; and now the entire Whig party of the Empire State has followed the example of the Whigs of Ohio and Pennsylvania, and declared for the continued agitation of the question of Slavery. This is the most startling development of the progress of Abolition which has been witnessed in the past few eventful months. The Whigs of Ohio openly repudiated the Compromise, and declared for "perfect toleratin of opinion" in regard to it, which means that Abolition is to run riot, and still be recognited as sound, conservative, Union-loving whiggery. The Whigs of Pennsylvania voted down by a large majority a resolution to support the *Constitution* in regard to fugitive slaves, and nominated an open Abolition agitator for governor. These blows came like thunder-claps on the compromise Whigs of the South, who had not hesitated to pledge the northern branch of their party to the support of the Compromise. New York was then looked to by them as the last hope—the first State in political power, the birth-place and home of their President: they hoped that he would wield all his influence, personal and official against any attempt to continue that Abolition agitation which now threatens a dissolution of the Union. But the last hope has failed. The Fillmore and Seward men have met and shaken hands; they have constructed a platform with a view to catch birds of every feather—one which is perfectly satisfactory to the Seward men, and throws open wide the floodgates of agitation. The Fillmore men of New York, who have feigned to support the Compromise as a final adjustment, have basely surrendered; they have forfeited every claim to the confidence of a single honest Whig in the South, and it is now as evident that the South is deserted and betrayed by the administration as it has been that she was most foully wronged by the Compromise.

Notwithstanding Mr. Fillmore's whole past life was one long and bitter crusade against the South, and he had never retracted or modified a single Abolition opinion; notwithstanding he refused to sign the Fugitive Slave Law without first sheltering himself from an Abolition storm behind the opinion of his Attorney General; notwithstanding Mr. Webster's Buffalo speech, in which he asserted perfect identity of opinion between himself and Mr. Fillmore on the questions of the day, and declared that he thought the trial by jury to fugitive slaves would make the enactment in relation to them a "proper law;" notwithstanding all attempts to obtain from the administration some intimation that it would sanction no modification of the Fugitive Law have been utterly fruitless; notwithstanding Mr. Fillmore's special organ expressly endorsed the Pennsylvania Whig Convention; still, Southern Whigs have endorsed and eulogised this administration as national and patriotic, and as entirely worthy of the confidence of the Southern people. Eloquent speeches in favour of the Union and showy professions of regard for the rights of the South have been sufficient with them to outweigh a thousand momentous and incontrovvertible facts. But can they now doubt the fearful path in which the administration, encouraged by their warm professions of devotion to it, and their tame and servile policy of submission, calls upon them to tread?

It would seem sufficient for the purpose of convincing the whole Southern people that this administration, as well as the entire Whig party of the North, is no longer deserving of the slightest confidence—that it deserves to be branded as false, and sold to Abolition—that *an arrangement has been entered into by the Fillmore and Seward men of New York.* But when we examine the platform on which they have agreed, every doubt vanishes, and we find the entire Whig party of New York—the Seward men and the administration men—publishing a declaration of principles, which shows that W. H. Seward, the foul traitor and demagogue—"the basest Hessian of them all"—has triumphed, has impressed his power on the whole party in his State, as he has done in Pennsylvania and Ohio, and that the Fillmore men, after an apparent show of sickly opposition, have basely surrendered the last semblance of patriotism which they have worn heretofore on their false and traitorous crests. We will publish hereafter the entire document, but have room to-day for but one or two extracts which have immediate relation to the great questions of the day. One thing is to be remarked as an overwhelming evidence of the complete abolitionism of the Whigs of New York: "*No mention whatever is made of the "Compromise,"* Inflexible opposition to the extension of Slavery, which has been one of Mr. Fillmore's cardinal principles, and has of late become more peculiarly a Seward doctrine, because he advocates it with a thousand times the ability of Mr. Fillmore, and has not the magnificent ingenuity and eloquence of Mr. Webster in casting a veil over its incendiary character—this is one of the terms of the "arrangement;" that is to say, the Fillmore men have consented to reavow, in connexion with the Sewardites, a principle which they have both always entertained and advocated. It is in these terms:

"That the Whigs of the State, as a body, are *inflexibly opposed to the subjection of any territory of the United States now free to laws imposing involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime*; and they rejoice that no proposition to that effect is now pending, or is likely to be presented; while, at the same time, they unqualifiedly acknowledge the right of every sovereign State to regulate its own municipal institutions, in such manner as its people may deem most conducive to their safety and happiness, without interferedce, directly or indirectly, by citizens of other States, or subjects of other countries."

Within so brief a period after the adoption of a Compromise which was to restore peace to the country and quell Abolition agitation, the friends of the administration and Mr. Seward introduce this element into their platform as *a cardinal Whig principle*, and insult and outrage the Southern States by such an avowal, while, at the same time, they "rejoice that *no proposition to that effect is pending, or likely to be presented.*" How wanton, then, is the insult!—how shameless the embrace of abolitionism! Yet to this the friends of the administration consented! Does it not demonstrate the abolitionism of the entire Whig party of the State? Does it not prove that even those of its members regarded as "conservatives" have played false, and that the administration has betrayed the South? Another resolution is as follows:

"That the laws of Congress and of the State legislatures, pronounced constitutional by the judicial tribunals, must be enforced and implicitly obeyed; and that while this is cheerfully recognised as the duty of all, as subjects of the laws, *yet that the right of citizens, as voters, is equally undeniable to discuss*, with a full and mutual regard for the rights and interests of all parts of the confederacy, (which is as necessary now to maintain as it was indispensable to achieve the blessed Union of these States,) *the expediency of such laws and the propriety of any of their provisions, and to seek, by constitutional means, their repeal or modification.*"

This is the only reference to the Fugitive Slave Law which the platform contains. It is defiance to the whole South. It is a withering rebuke to the Southern Whigs who have pledged their party fealty to it. Sewardites and Fillmoreits meet at a common altar, declare they will continue to agitate by discussion of the law clearly guarantied the South by the Constitution, and advance the cherished purpose of the North—its REPEAL OR MODIFICATION. All this is approved enthusiastically by Mr. Fillmore's confidential organ, the *Washington Republic.* It remarks:

"These are declarations of principle, *broad, permanent, perpetual*, upon which the whole Whig party can stand united. *It stirs the blood* to hear them proclaimed with the trumpets of the Empire State, instead of the discordant clamour which has for so many months pained the ear and heart of every patriot."

So the mask is torn from Millard Fillmore at last by the master hand of William H. Seward. *The Southern elections were well nigh over, and deception was no longer necessary.*

The Whigs of Tennessee have sworn eternal devotion to the Compromise, and pretended to repudiate political connexion with any set of men who occupied ground hostile to it as a final settlement. We predicted that they would yield even the Compromise, if they found that the Northern parties of their party could not be brought to sustain it. Our prediction is beginning to be verified. The *Nashville True Whig* openly and shamelessly endorses the infamous platform of the New York Whigs.—That paper of the 12th ultimo has the following article:

"THE WHIGS OF NEW YORK.—We publish this morning the call for a Convention of the Whig party of New York, to be held at Syracuse on the 17th of September next. That there will be a perfect union of the party in New York upon the basis here laid down, there can be no doubt; and it is certainly a great cause of gratulation to the Whigs of New York, that, while their opponents are in the midst of dissensions, they may look to future contests with a well-founded hope of a united effort for the success of those great ends of public policy for which they have so often battled. *The Tribune*, in refering to the call, says that 'with a platform so liberal and fair, we may rely on the unity of action so desirable for the triumph of that system of policy which we believe to be for the best interest of the country. The committees at Albany have done their duty; it is now for the Whigs of the States to do theirs.'"

Thus the *Whig* yields to the abolitionism of its party, agrees with that infamous Abolition sheet, *The New York Tribune*, quotes it approvingly, and *stands on the same platform.* How long will the recklessness of party be suffered to *wrong, deceive*, and *betray* the people of the South?

SLAVERY AGITATION.

THE Abolitionists in the Northern States impudently assume that they are the aggrieved party—that during all this controvery, the South had been invading their rights, and they had been defending them. What rights are invaded by the South? The right to destroy the equality of the States in the confederacy—the right to violate the guaranties of the constitution—the right to steal the property of the Southern people—the right to excite servile insurrection, and stain the fields of the Southern States in blood. These are the rights which Abolitionism claims, and for the invasion of which they wage eternal war upon the slaveholding States. But even this is modesty, compared with the consummate assurance with which they assume that it is the Southern people alone who are agitating the Slavery question. What can be more prepcsterous than the assertion, that those whose dearest interests depend upon a quiet and firm administration of the constitution and the laws are the parties who are busy in the work of agitation?

No—it cannot be so. The great body at the South would be content with the law as it stands, if they had any security it would be maintained inviolate. Had the compromise bills and the fugitive slave bill been quietly acquiesced in by the northern people, there would have been no demonstrations to protect the Union from the dangerous attacks that have been made on it. But they were not acquiesced in. They were denounced from the day of their adoption: and every effort which ingenuity and wickedness could devise, was exerted to bring them into contempt, and compel their repeal.

If it be properly called *agitation* to endeavour to enforce the laws—to secure compliance with the provisions of the constitution—to reedeem the obligations of good faith by which one portion of the country is bound to the other, and to the whole country, that it is a healthy, holy, and honourable agitation. Then with equal propriety might proceedings in the in the courts, and the decisons of judges be called agitation. Their object is the same as the friends of the compromise, the preservation of the Union and the execution of the laws.

The assertion that the friends of the Union are agitators is a false and scandalous tale. Their effects are designed to repress agitation. They are the *remedy*; agitation is the *evil* which they are designed to cure. The medicine must often be continued after the violent symptoms of the disease have disappeared. The Abolitionists perceive the virtue of the remedy, and all their solicitude is to counteract its virtue. Finally, it is to be insisted that the friends of compromise are agitators, we do not know that it is worth while to dispute about terms. If the Union be preserved, it is of little consequence by what names they are designated who are instrumental in its preservation. The odour of the rose is the same, by whatever name it is called. If victory reward our efforts, and the discomfited enemy is compelled to retire from the field, or to strike his flag and surrender at descretion, it is immeterial what he calls the operation, or with what geers and mirthful grimaces he acknowledges himself vanquished.—*St. Louis Times.*

Selections.

THE last No. of *The Liberator* contains a very full report of the meeting held in London by American Fugitive Slaves on the 1st of August to celebrate West India Negro Emancipation. We published some weeks since a report of this Celebration, copied from a London paper, but Mr. THOMPSON's speech in full, as given by *The Libertor's* correspondent, cannot fail to be acceptable to our readers.

MR. THOMPSON, on rising, was hailed with the most vociferous applause, repeatedly renewed, accompanied by the waving of hats and handkerchiefs. Silence having been restored, the honourable gentleman addressed the meeting as follows:—Mr. President, Fugitive Slaves, Fellow-Men—Ladies and Gentlemen: I feel proud of the position I stand in to-night. I could almost say, with Shakspeare—

'My bosom's lord sits lightly on his throne.'

This is a great exhibition! a glorious exhibition! I am proud of the metropolis of England. I wish that you, sir, and this meeting, were in the Crystal Palace, and that the nations of the earth—and especially that nation above all others, existing or extinct, recreant to the cause of liberty—could look through the crystal and behold the spectacle which this meeting would present (cheers). I wish that every dastard republican, inflamed with that colourphobia, that case of worst, because the meanest, kind of aristocracy that exists in the world, were here to-night, either to be converted by this spectacle, or to be afflicted by it, and to be tormented by his own leprosy of soul (the Honourable Gentleman was here interrupted by the barking of a dog in the body of the meeting). Why, sir, the very dogs bark at them (loud cheers and laughter). An English dog can see the image of his Maker, and do homage to it; an upstart aristocrat, a white-skinned patrician, in America, beholds the superscription of God upon the soul of his brother, but refuses to 'render unto God the things that are God's' (renewed interruption from the dog). I hope the owner of that dog will remove it; he has borne his testimony, and I hope he will now be silent (laughter). Sir, there will be a great moral lesson taught by this meeting. Such a meeting as this is yet to be held over the wide continent of America. It would startle the whole of America, from the banks of the St. Lawrence to the banks of the Sacramento, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Yet here, in the Metropolis of England, close upon the Mansion House, the Bank of England and the Exchange, in the Hall of Commerce, in the city of London, is held a free meeting; I mean, free to all who grudge not the pittance asked for admission at the door, and presiding over that meeting is a black man (enthusiastic cheering)—the enslaved, the scorned, the hated and hunted of perfidious and guilty America. Here in the chair sits one proof, and on either side of him additional evidences, that the Republic of America, as far as the whites are concerned, is one great and criminal conspiracy for the enslavement of an entire nation (cheers—a nation enslaved within a nation, and by men who dare to take the names of Franklin and Adams and Hancock upon their lips, not anticipating the time when, if they should come in view of those great men in that world of retribution in the rest beyond the grave, their shades would frown upon them, and see them, buried to that depth below the deepest, where a republican slaveholder will find his appropriate place (cheers). O, America is an impious nation—an atheistical country. And yet, there are men in London, calling themselves abolitionists, who are busying themselves with drawing lines of theological distinction between man and man, going about with mole-eyed vision, with their noses to the earth, seeking to find any petty marks and distinctions between one man and another, on a matter with which they have nothing to do, and blind all the while to that gigantic superstructure—grand in its very guilt—sublime in its very atrocity—that stamps that nation as the most awful practical atheists of the nineteenth century. There is no atheism so bold as that which sanctions in one man the assumption to the right of property in another. Man and man are equal. True, the complexion of the skin, the colour of the hair, the conformation of the limbs, and the contour of the feature, may vary; but they do not constitute the man. It is not that of which we read in the words—'In the image of God created he man.' Measure the man by the wisdom that formed him, the providence that watches over him, the destiny that awaits him, by faculties ever unfolding and seeking infinity to bring them forth; measure him by his capacity for punishment and reward, by his hopes, his fears, his joys, his sorrows, his hates—and then, here is a MAN; Washington was no more, and *he* (laying his hand upon the shoulder of the Chairman) no less (the audience here rose *en masse*, and continued cheering most enthusiastically for a considerable period, amid waving of hats and handkerchiefs). My friend who has just retired from this table has talked about discussing the question in this particular way and that particular way; and there are men in this very city, sitting near this very spot, who talk about discussing the matter in this particular way and that, of helping the cause of abolition in connection with this individual and that. Sir, we have ever but this simple duty to perform—to go forth through the world with this Anti-Slavery gospel, knowing no other for the time—that the man who lays a finger on a human soul has dethroned God, and proclaimed himself an atheist. That is my doctrine. To be drawing distinctions, asking questions, dropping the line and plummet about the souls of men, to ascertain what are their views about the five points—I do not mean the five points of 'The Charter,' but those other theological five points—whether they are Arminians or Calvinists, of the old school or the new, whether they are orthodox or heterodox—why, it is tampering with the great question of the rights of humanity. The man who does this knows nothing but the baptism of John; he is yet to be converted to the very first principles of abolitionism (hear). Why his own orthodoxy condemns him. His own evangelism condemns him. He must go and learn what those words mean, 'I will have mercy and not sacrifice'—'To obey is better than to sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams'—'Is not this the fast that I have chosen; to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free?' For the last eight months I have preached this doctrine in America. I have nothing to do with times and seasons, geographical boundaries and party politics, who is to be President, or who Lieutenant Governor. All these are matters so insignificant, that from the sublime height on which I stand, contemplating or admiring the immeasurable sun that courses the earth and courses the heavens, I have lost sight of them all. I see 3,189,000 human beings in bondage; I see countless millions sold in their fathers' loins. I see time itself, to the crack of doom, mortgaged to the demon of Slavery. I demand that God may be restored to his soverоignty, and every proud republican slaveholder branded with the scorn of the world. I am not using any stronger language now, than I have used in America at the very moment when I have had letters in my pocket warning me of mobs without and assassins within. Oh, that there were truth and fidelity to this extent amongst the people of this country! Oh, that instead of nibbling with this question, and concealing the truth upon it—picking choice morsels here and there to suit the dainty palates of spurious abolitionists (hear)—they would awaken to a sense of their duty to do that which their hand findeth to do, denounce this gigantic robbery, and leave to God to take care of the consequences when they have done it (cheers).

Now I must disabuse the people here of an error into which they are likely to fall. There are not two Anti-Slavery organizations in America; there is but one, but of that one you never hear. That one is the American Anti-Slavery Society, as distinguished from the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society. A *Society* bearing that name there is really none; agents there are none; organization none. A series of resolutions, drawn up by a single individual, and a speech or two made once a year—upon that foundation the people of England, are called upon to imagine, in their simplicity and ignorance, that there is a great organization in America, called 'The American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society.' The thing is a complete nonentity; a mere name (hear, hear). Does anybody contradict my statement? (cries of 'No'). I know there are those, in this room, who would be glad to contradict it, if they could. (A voice, 'Where is John Scoble?') Aye, 'echo answers, where?' (cheers and laughter).

Ladies and gentlemen, I will now give you a brief summary narrative of my tour in the United States. I did not go there, as my friends assembled in a place very near this could testify, on a purely Anti-Slavery mission. I wanted somewhat to enlarge my acquaintance in that country, and while my friends believe, I hope not without foundation, that I could not, under any circumstances, conceal or compromise my Anti-Slavery principles, in any part of America, yet that I might be justified in pursuing a course somewhat more quiet than what I had pursued sixteen years previously. I landed in the city of Boston, and I found that city in a state of intense excitement. What was the cause? An earthquake? No; the earth was as stable, the heavens as blue as ever. What had happened? Plague, pestilence, or famine? Nothing of the kind. Peace, plenty, and health abounded. The Governor of the Commonwealth assured his subjects that it had been a year of unexampled prosperity. What had excited the city? A man and a woman! A man and a his wife had fled from the lazar house of Slavery, and reached the city of Boston. For eighteen months, more or less—I speak under correction—these worthy individuals had found an asylum in the enlightened city of Boston. The man had betaken himself to handicraft labour, had earned his living and supported his wife, and was not indebted to any individual in that city for one cent. He had created for himself a character perfectly irreproachable, and won the esteem of all who had come in contact with him. His wife (would that she were here to present herself to this meeting!) is a woman of whom I will only say, that there shines not in brocade to-night, in any assembly at the West End, a lady who would be degraded by sitting at her side. Well, what was this excitement about? Why, the whole governmental machinery of the country, and of that State in particular, had been set in motion to capture this man and woman. The President, the Vice-President, the Cabinet, the Senate, the House of Representatives, together with the Marshals, Deputy-Marshals, Commissioners, constabulary, militia, army and navy of the United States to boot, were all in readiness to run down and capture William and Ellen Craft. They were hidden away. It was difficult, I tell you, for any one, without a good certificate, to discover where they were. They were hidden away from every Orthodox minister but one in that city (hear). They were concealed from the tender mercies of all the rest; and where Bunker Hill stands, and where Gerry so eloquently declaimed—where the pictures upon the walls of Faneuil Hall looked down upon the caucuses of Democrats—there were two wretched beings charged, under the United Slates Constitution, with the deadly crime of having run away with themselves, with the simplicity of believing that, in the most pious and enlightened city in the world, they would be safe. It was not only a crime, but a blunder. Well, under these circumstances they were hidden away. I sought them. It was on the Sabbath day. I saw the white multitudes filling the sanctuaries of that city. Its main streets were silent. With that being—whom I was taken to task here and in America for calling a glorious being, but who, with another year's acquaintance with his zeal and his acts, I now pronounce, with deeper emphasis, to be as glorious a being as ever trod the earth—guided by William Lloyd Garrison—(loud cheers)—I found the refuge of William and Ellen Craft. There they were, hid away from the infernal operation of the American game-laws; for America is a great preserve; every wood of it is hunting ground. Coloured men are the game; and it is a (glorious) sight to see the hunters of men out. I once saw a hunt in this country, and thought it was a very foolish matter. A number of men in red coats, and others in all kinds of coats, riding on horses, good, bad, and indifferent, to hunt a four-legged creature that was hasting to get away from them. Well, I thought that a ridiculous sight; but, thank Heaven, that is the most ridiculous hunt we have in this country. But there is in another country, a noble hunting-ground, extending from the Isthmus of Panama to the region of everlasting snow,—from the shores washed by the dark Atlantic to those on which the wild waves of the Pacific make their melancholy music—all hunting-ground for free Republicans, with their President Fillmore at the head, and a regiment of chaplains, that includes all but a few hundreds of thirty thousand ministers of religion. Well, my friends, under these circumstances, I landed in the city of Boston. I saw the Crafts. I recommended them to hasten to this land. I advised them to take the next steamer, which was the one in which I had myself arrived, and they made up their minds to do so. I proclaimed that I had done so, when they were safe on this side the Atlantic; and for proclaiming that I had thus aided and abetted them in their escape, I was threatened with prosecution and imprisonment—a fine of a thousand dollars for each of the fugitives, as well as a thousand dollars as a punishment for having assisted them to get away. Under these circumstances, a large meeting was held to enable my friends to give me a welcome. The hall was filled by 3500 such persons, assembled within the walls of the Cradle of Liberty. Now, do not imagine from any thing—or, if you have imagined it from any thing you have seen in the London papers, dismiss the notion from your mind—that that was a meeting at which I was repulsed by the majority of the persons there assembled. For more than half an-hour after I entered that hall, I was welcomed with the loudest plaudist, almost, I ever heard in a public meeting. An address was being read to me, and wherever my name occurred, the acclamations were renewed. The whole disturbance upon that occasion was created by some 150 or 200 individuals, who entered at the main door, forced their way into the hall underneath the chandelier, and there did, in Boston, what any 200 ruffians might do in Exeter Hall, prevented 3,500 persons from going quietly on with their proceedings. Still, however, the effect was the same. I was silenced, and it was announced through the country at large that I had been silenced in Boston—driven out of Faneuil Hall; and it was declared that I should not be heard by a single audience thoughout the whole United States. Well, this was a singular and responsible position to be placed in in; and, as I told my constituents the night before last, for a time, I forgot that I was an Englishman, member for the Tower Hamlets, and that I had a seat in Parliament. I remembered only that I was a man, that my right had been menaced, and, Parliament or no Parliament, approbation or displeasure when I returned, I was there to assert my own rights, and maintain that God had given me a character, warranting me in every part of the world to speak out my thoughts; that He who gave me the power to think, gave me the right to speak; that the man who levels a blow at freedom of speech stabs truth itself and proclaims himself a coward and a villian (loud cheers). I said, 'I will be heard' (hear). My noble friend Garrison had made the same declaration more than twenty years ago, when he published the first number of his then small paper the *Liberator*, which I recommend every body who is able to subscribe for, and bring their names to the table to-night, and be refreshed with the glad tidings from a far country—tidings which may sometimes draw forth their tears and agonize their souls, but he who would escape suffering in this world, and therefore shuns the exhibition of human misery, forgets that this is a place to suffer, that it is a luxury to suffer with those that do suffer, and that we shall have time enough to wipe away our tears and rest from our labours when the slave be even as his master, and heaven shall receive us all (loud cheers).

Well, the history of three of the eight months I was in America, is simply a history of struggle and of the maintenance of a great right. I maintained successfully that right for myself and for my beloved friends about me. I maintained that right for my constituents,—and in doing so, I committed treason against them, they may make the most of it,—and I maintained it for the world. I entered fearlessly into the conflict, and I have come off victorious. I have spoken again and again in every place where I said I would speak. I spoke, it may be, to prejudiced audiences at the beginning; but in every instance, I left applauding multitudes behind me. The field was white unto the harvest, and I put in a sickle here, and gathered a sheaf, and lo! I saw it wave in the wind there. I went thitherward too, again. I was desirous in some other direction to produce similar results, and thus, from day to day and week to week, I was hurried on by the force of circumstances, and was carried away by almost uncontrolable influences, until at last, I broke away, and leaving my heart behind me, I have come back to confess my faults to my constituents. Thrice have I done so, and thrice have they forgiven me (enthusiastic cheers, renewed again and again). I believe, however, it may trouble some parties who are very anxious about my future position to hear of it but I must announce the fact. I think, after all, that it has been but a lover's quarrel, and that I and my constituents shall henceforth be bound closer together; and that if those of *friends* mine think to make any political capital out of my eight months absence in America, they will be woefully disappointed; especially, should we have the happiness,—and it would be great happiness to me,—to come face to face on the platform, and as they have asked what I was doing during the eight months I was in the United States, allow me to ask my opponents what they were doing for the cause of human freedom during that period (cheers).

Well, now, my friends, did I find no change when I returned this last year to the United States? Yes; a change that I cannot describe; a progress that I cannot measure. There is still hatred. The flames of persecution burn still. The legislation of the United States seems to be nothing better than a complete register of the acts pas ed by Pandemonium. It is an awful fact, that the general tendency of the legislation of the United States has been downwards from the day of the Declaration of Independence until now. That was a great and a noble document; a grand, a glorious deed, when they declared the truth,—which was not then created, for it existed from the beginning—that all men are free and equal, and have a right to enjoy life, liberty, and happiness—when they put forth that great Declaration, which in its progress is ordained, when it shall be rescued from desecration in America, to exerthrow the despotism of the world. Yes, then the Americans did well; but when they assembled to frame their Constitution, they did not well. They compromised the rights of 600,000 human beings alive, and generations of lives thereafter. They did it for peace, it has brought them discord: they did it for honour, it has brought them dishonour; they did it for strength it has engendered weakness; they did it for good unto themselves, it has turned out only evil. Young men who hear me to-night, learn this lesson, if no other, from this history—under no circumstances ever compromise a principle (hear)! It is bad enough to do wrong personally and privately. The wrong I do myself and by example to society may be great; but the wrong which that man does who advocates a false principle, or compromises a true one—the wrong that he does by depositing on earth the seminal principles of evil to the end of the world can never be measured. It is an eternal wrong. Stand, then, on principle; stand or fall by principle. Better that half the nations of the earth should perish, than that one great principle should be compromised for any apparent good, or to accomplish any object, however in itself it may be noble and great (hear). Well, sir, that was the first wrong step taken by the American nation. There are those who say the Constitution of the United States is not a pro-slavery document. Well, I never could account for the mental vision of such persons. I can just believe they are honest; but I am obliged to spare their hearts at the expense of their understandings. The Constitution of the United States not pro-slavery! Why, there are five portions so distinctly pro-slavery, avowedly pro-slavery, that they were known and declared to be pro-slavery at the time they were inserted. Why, that Constitution has been looked to as the foundation of Slavery, from that time to this. It has been quoted as the bulwark of Slavery, from that time to this. All the decisions under it of the only Courts of the United States competent to interpret it, have been to the effect that it is a pro-slavery document. It guaranties the eternity of Slavery, as long as any State in the Union chooses to cherish it. Yes, that was a wrong step; and then came the evils in the train of it;—the multiplication of slaves; the Fugitive Slave Law of 1793; the admission of Missouri in 1820; the bloody campaign upon the peninsular of Florida, which grew out of Slavery, and was only a war upon the Seminole Indians for the recovery of fugitive slaves; then the land pirates of Texas took possession of one of the fairest portions of that continent, and plunged a nation, which was quite ready to act, into a war with Mexico. Then came the final climax of the infamy of that republican country, the Fugitive Slave Law, the effects of which are before your eyes.

Now, my friends, one word about the importance of doing what we can to free America from that dire curse. There is no disguising the fact that America has a future the most grand and glorious of any nation in the world. It must be a mighty nation; shall it be a guilty one? It must be a nation all but omnipotent; shall it be omnipotent to bless, or omnipotent to curse? Electors of the Tower Hamlets, if any of you be here to-night, say whether the man who is seeking to rescue the true principles of political and personal liberty from the grasp of hypocritical, recreant Americans, is not doing more for the world, and something more than he could for the Tower Hamlets, had he been there? (loud cheers). But I have never blotted the Tower Hamlets out of my mind, I always believed that I was labouring for the half a million whom I have the honour to represent; and I think some thousands of them have attested by this time their belief that I was doing so.

In concert with whom did I labour in the United States? Why, with those only with whom it was possible to labour in the Anti-Slavery Cause in that country. I laboured everywhere with the uncompromising, the unsectarian, the untearing (cheers). I hate 'management (laughter). I hate what men in comfortable Secretary's offices call 'prudence.' Prudence in the presence of American Slavery!—Prudence as to when you are to speak upon such a subject, and when not! Who dare say that he may conceal the truth for an instant? Has he a lease of his life? Has he the elixir of immortality? If he has not, and stifles a feeling, suppresses a thought, or conceals a truth, he is a traitor. He has nothing to do with the consequences; he has nothing to do with phraseology. It is a great mistake about this matter. There is great cant about 'harsh language.' Be as harsh as truth. Go to the Old Bailey and see a wigged and silk-gowned barrister prosecuting a little boy of twelve years of age, who has stolen an apple or two; see in what unscrupulous language he will paint this mighty monster, and depict his guilt until his lordship will put on his spectacles and look down upon the awful criminal; (Mr. Thompson here imitated the supposed judge, amidst loud laughter;) and the men who will speak of the little-boy-apple-and-bun-offenders, in terms of the highest reprehension, and think the Penitentiary too good for them, are your mealy-mouthed apologists for that over-towering, indescribable, all-comprising, colossal ruffian, the American republican slaveholder (loud cheers). But, after all, you do not find the slaveholder complaining of the hardness of your *language*. It is not with the *terms* of the indictment that he quarrels, it is with the *substance* of the indictment. Place the sin before him, and whether in the dulcet strains of one of your most polished divines in London, or in the rougher voice or harsher tones of him now addressing you—you will find that he neither loves the one nor hates the other because they are harsh or because they are musical; he hates the truth, and grinds his teeth, whether it be angel, or a frail being like myself that tells him—either in bland phraseology, or in plain English—he is a felon of the first magnitude.

Well, to revert again to the question, with whom could I associate in the Anti-Slavery Cause in the United States? To whose house did I go upon my landing in Boston? The house of WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON—(cheers)—a man whose name will go down to posterity over that great continent, and, when then the valley of the Mississippi shall have its tens of millions and the shouts of freedom from millions on the shores of the Atlantic shall be echoed by free millions behind the Rocky Mountains—a name that will go down to posterity hallowed and embalmed, long as virtue excites admiration, long as heroism is applauded, or disinterested devotion to the [meanest] of God's creation shall find a human being to esteem and lament. His associates were mine; his principles mine; his plans mine; his purposes mine. I laboured while in that country, although uncommissioned, technically, with that glorious band of men and women known there—and I want them known here—by the name of 'The Old Organizationists;' the members of the true 'American Anti-Slavery Society,' the only Anti-Slav

lemen who are present to-night to come spontaneously forward and freely and cheerfully give their names, and say, 'We will, in the first instance, form a Committee, to guard and cherish the fugitive slaves in the Metropolis.' Mind, we are not going to make gentlemen of them; that would be turning them to very little and very low account. We want to make men of them, and teach them what they have not learned in Slavery—the dignity and glory of honest and independent labour. We will have a Committee this very night, announce it, and say where subscription may be received, and by whom. We will send our fugitives to that Committee, that they may inquire into their circumstances, learn their characters, and find work for them to do; and if they must wait till to-morrow, take care that they shall not starve or be houseless to-day. But we must also have an organization for the gathering up of the feelings and sentiments of the people of this country on American Slavery. I mean to give, during the Parliamentary recess, a course of lectures, in some large lecture hall, on the subject of American Slavery. I will give you a history of the movement in that country; I will unveil the shams there, and show you who are the real friends of the slave in the United States, and will endeavour to prevent your seeking grapes in thorns and figs in thistles. But, in the mean time, we must have an organization; and, as I have said, we will commence it to-night. In addition to an organization, we must also a publication, to disseminate truth in regard to American Slavery. Is there not need, my friends, for such a paper? Why, while I was in America, there came, week by week, to this country, and were laid upon the table of the Anti-Slavery Society Committee, papers, and piles of papers, detailing, as rapidly as minds and steam could bring the intelligence, accounts of every movement of mine; and there were those in London, calling themselves an Anti-Slavery Society, who knew just as well what I was doing a fortnight after, as I did myself, at the time, and yet they allowed the people of London to remain in ignorance upon the subject (loud cries of 'Shame'). They permitted my constituents to think that I might be digging in California, or going on a voyage of discovery after the sea-serpent, when I was doing the very work which they proposed to do, but were not doing, at home. This must be done, my friends; the slave must not suffer through compromises, concealment, or negligence elsewhere. We will try to find honest men, if we cannot find what the world calls 'respectable' men.

And now, in taking my seat, I beg to thank you for the kind reception you have given me to-night. I have come back to this country only the more deeply baptized into the spirit of universal freedom than I was before I went. Freedom has been my dream from my earliest childhood. Often have I trudged along Cheapside on errands, as an errand-boy, fancying myself at the footstool of some tyrant, pleading the cause of some manacled captive. God has given me the opportunity now, for these last twenty years, of proclaiming these great and immortal principles—that man is man; that no man is more than a man, and no man less; that to be a man owner, you must be God and man; and to be a slave, you must be man and beast. But while man is man, man never can own a man, for 'the potsherd of the earth cannot say to the potsherd, Thou art mine' (loud cheers). That is a doctrine which a man may stand upon any where. Take it; it is your line and plummit. Go forth with it. Is he a man? He has the rights of a man, the dignity of a man, and is entitled to the respect and the liberty of a man. We ask no more, but say that all restraint save that which reason puts upon evil men, is evil. We demand political freedom for our brethren at home, and we will have personal freedom for our brethren abroad. I have tried to put this principle in various ways. I have endeavoured to prove at one time that man should be free; at another, to prove that food should be free; at another, to prove that religion should be free; and at another, to prove that Her Majesty's tax-paying subjects should be free. The cause is one, whether I plead for the famishing artisan that the golden harvest may come to our shores, or whether I try to break the clanking chains of the African enslaved in America, or whether I ask that the victim of bloated ecclesiastical tyranny shall be free, and have a conscience of his own, a church of his own, and a God of his own. The cause is but one, and I live but to advocate it; and I will take whatever consequences may follow from the uncompromising vindication of these principles; and if I represent a constituency, as I told them the night before last, that enter not into these principles, I represent them no longer; for in bondage to 23,000, I will not be, for I have already refused to be in bondage to 23,000,000 elsewhere. But if these be your principles, as they are mine, then hand in hand and heart to heart let us labour in this holy cause, and, with God's blessing, we will, make the world better yet.' (At the conclusion of this remarkably eloquent speech, the whole audience simultaneously rose, the ladies waving their handkerchiefs, and the gentlemen giving 'Three times three hearty cheers for George Thompson.')

THE following Appeal, which had been previously adopted by a Committee of the Fugitives themselves, was offered to the meeting and adopted also by it:

AN APPEAL TO THE PEOPLE OF GREAT BRITAIN AND THE WORLD.

We consider it just, both to the people of the United States and to ourselves, in making an appeal to the inhabitants of other countries against the laws which have exiled us from our native land, to state the ground upon which we make our appeal, and the causes which impel us to do so. There are in the United States of America, at the present time, between three and four millions of persons who are held in a state of Slavery which has no parallel in any other part of the world, and whose members have, within the past fifty years, increased to a fearful extent. These people are not only deprived of the rights to which the laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitle them, but every avenue to knowledge is closed against them, and the blessed teachings of the Saviour denied them. The laws do not recognise the family relation of a slave, and extend to him no protection in the enjoyment of domestic endearments. Brothers and sisters, parents and children, husbands and wives, are torn asunder, and permitted to see each other no more. The shrieks and agonies of the slave are heard in the markets at the seat of government, and within hearing of the American Congress, as well as on the cotton, sugar and rice plantations of the far South.

The history of the negroes in America is but a history of repeated injuries and acts of oppression committed upon them by the whites. It was amongst this oppressed class that we were born and brought up; and it was from under the laws which keep them in chains that we have escaped. It is not for ourselves that we make this appeal, but for those whom we have left behind.

In their Declaration of Independence, the Americans declare that 'all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.' Yet one-sixth of the inhabitants of the great Republic are slaves. Thus they give the lie to their own professions. No one forfeits his or her character or standing in society by being engaged in holding, buying or selling a slave; the details of which, in all their horror, can scarcely be told.

Although the holding of slaves is confined to fifteen of the thirty-one States, yet we hold that the non-slaveholding States are equally guilty with the slaveholding. If any proof is needed on this point, it will be found in the passage of the inhuman Fugitive Slave Law, by Congress; a law which could never have been enacted without the votes of a portion of the representatives from the free States, and which is now being enforced, in many of the States, with the utmost alacrity. It was the passage of this law that exiled us from our native land, and it has driven thousands of our brothers and sisters from the free States, and compelled them to seek a refuge in the British possessions in North America. The Fugitive Slave Law has converted the entire country, North and South, into one vast hunting-ground. We would respectfully ask you to expostulate with the Americans, and let them know that you regard their treatment of the coloured people of that country as a violation of every principle of human brotherhood, of natural right, of justice, of humanity, of Christianity, of love to God and to man.

It is needless that we should remind you that the religious sects of America, with but few exceptions, are connected with the sin of Slavery—the churches North as well as South. We would have you tell the professed Christians of that land, that if they would be respected by you, they must separate themselves from the unholy alliance with men who are daily committing deeds which, if done in England, would cause the perpetrator to be sent to a felon's doom; that they must refuse the right hand of Christian fellowship, whether individually or collectively, to those implicated, in any way, in the guilt of Slavery.

We do not ask for a forcible interference on your part, but only that you will use all lawful and peaceful means to restore to this much injured race their God-given rights. The moral and religious sentiment of mankind must be arrayed against slaveholding, to make it infamous, ere we can hope to see it abolished. We would ask you to set them the example, by excluding from your pulpits and from religious communion, the slaveholding and pro-slavery ministers who may happen to visit this country. We would even go further, and ask you to shut your doors against either ministers or laymen who are at all guilty of upholding and sustaining this monster sin. By the cries of the slave, which come from the fields and swamps of the far South, we ask you to do this! By that spirit of liberty and equality which you all admire, we would ask you to do this! And by that still nobler, higher and holier spirit of our beloved Saviour, we would ask you to stamp upon the forehead of the slaveholder, with a brand deeper than that which marks the victim of his wrongs, the infamy of theft, adultery, man-stealing, piracy and murder, and, by the force of public opinion, compel him to 'unloose the heavy burden, and let the oppressed go free'!

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

. *All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns should be addressed to* SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, *New-York.*

†|† *Donations to the Treasury of the* AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY *may be forwarded to* FRANCIS JACKSON, *Treasurer, at Boston; or to* SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, *New-York.*

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1851.

THE LIBERTY BELL FOR 1852.

AS the time approaches when it will become necessary to take measures in reference to the publication of *The Liberty Bell*, we think it best through the medium of *The Standard* and *Liberator*, to bring the subject before the minds of such friends as have hitherto aided or may wish for the first time to aid us, rather than as heretofore, by private correspondence.

We trust that our friends who have hitherto coöperated with us will give their help none the less readily, that *we are prevented by want of leisure from bringing the subject before them in any more direct mode.*

We would say to those friends of the Cause designining to devote a specified sum toward preparations for the Bazaar, that we do not think their money could be more wisely expended the present year than in aiding the Bazaar's Annual, feeling as we do from year to year an increased assurance that it is in a variety of ways, irrespective of its pecuniary success, a most valuable and efficient instrumentality.

For the necessary funds we must therefore rely upon those friends whose position will enable them on this point to coincide in opinion with ourselves, knowing that we may safely trust to the Anti-Slavery friends throughout the country and in Europe for so extensive and beautiful a collection of articles generally, as shall exceed that of any previous exhibition.

We have received promises of literary assistance from many distinguished friends of Freedom both at home and abroad, and we earnestly beg all such to transmit their articles as early, if possible, as the 1st of October.

All communications and donations may be directed to Miss A. W. WESTON, Weymouth, Mass.; or *Anti-Slavery Office*, 21 Cornhill, Boston.

THE MANIFEST DESTINY.

A NEW phase of our National Destiny is daily becoming more and more Manifest. The same Fate which has first pointed at and afterwards grasped Texas and Mexico, now directs her ominous finger at Cuba. In due time she will have set the seal of fulfilment upon what is now but visionary prediction. It is no mysterious Fate that directs our National destinies. It is that Fate which has, in all time, led on the strong to overwhelm and absorb the weak. It is the Conquering Fortune which passed from the Greeks to the Romans, and which deserted them for their Gothic victors only when they had ceased to be strong enough to worship her aright. It is the selfish instinct which prompts all semi-civilized individuals and nations to lay hold of all that lies within their reach, which teaches them to look upon all neighbours as natural enemies, upon all strangers as barbarians, upon all wrecks that are cast upon their coasts as lawful prize. It is the same Manifest Destiny which compelled the Partition of Poland, the same Star that danced before Napoleon as he overrun Europe, the identical Necessity which forced England to subdue the Indian Peninsula, and which has been the ruling genius of the Alexanders, Cæsars, Tamerlanes, Gengis Khans, and the other Scourges of God that have laid waste His earth since the days of Nimrod. In brief, it is the passion for dominion over other people and for the plunder of other people's possessions.

It is not certain, nor likely, that our Manifest Destiny in this direction is to be fulfilled immediately. The pear is not yet ripe, but it is mellowing fast. The march of events will be more rapid than those that marshalled us the way that we should go when we laid hold of Texas and Mexico. The spirit is moving over the face of the waters which must always go before a storm. The prizes are held out which will always

"Shark up a list of landless resolutes"

to maraud upon their neighbours. Adventurers are always ready to enlist in any scheme of such promise. Nobody has any particular objections. The merchant sees a new field for commerce; the manufacturer a fresh mart for the vent of his wares. The piety of the Nation is bought over by the promise of a new world to be wrested from giant Pope and converted to the pure influences of their own negro-catching religion. The patriotism of the land glows at the thought of blessing Cuba with Annual Elections, State Legislatures, Members of Congress, printing offices, wooden meeting-houses, a substitution of the blessed legislation written in the book of Stroud for the mistaken clemency of the Spanish slave code, the privilege of hunting their runaways over this whole continent, and whatever other good things go to fill up the Cornucopia of our Country's blessings. The very blood of the pirates shot in Havana (though in strict accordance with the received law of Nations) will be as the blood of martyrs from which this our Church is to grow and be edified.

Some opposition will doubtless be pretended. But after the Texas experience, it is hardly to be expected that even Whig assurance will assume a very grim-visaged front as it faces our approaching doom. The North was sold and betrayed by its bragging champions in that affair, and there is no more faith to be placed in the breath of politicians. That was the golden opportunity, and it was let slip. Then there was a chance that the hosts of Slavery might be worsted in that Thermopylæ into which they had thrust themselves. But, alas, there was no Leonidas, and not even three hundred Spartans. That victory gave the enemy the key of the Country, and of the whole continent, for that matter. It opened to them the gates of Mexico, and left them all the spoil that they could gorge just then. To be sure, the unforeseen accident of the gold discovery peopled California with the more active population of the North, and prevented them from securing that part of their conquests. But they are gradually establishing themselves, in flagrant disregard of Mr. Webster's Law of Physical Geography, in New Mexico and Utah, besides extorting more than an equivalent for California in the concessions made to Texas. And, now, the Island State of Cuba is to be added to the jewels of the Union. And it will be done. The Slave Power has never yet fixed its eye upon any prize which it has not secured. It is not the politician that went for "the Union however bounded" to be, in all likelihood, the candidate of the least pro-slavery faction of the Whig minority of Massachusetts? Perhaps, we may buy off South Carolina at this small price, and persuade her, for this consideration, to postpone her secession from the Union till something new is wanted.

We said, a few weeks ago, that we would show, at some convenient season, why we were in favour of a Dissolution of the Union. There is no point in the whole circle of events and facts from which we might not set out to explain and illustrate our position. One excellent reason for our Disunionism is that we think it disreputable to be component parts of a government which has utterly departed from the ideas which created it, and pervertad itself into a grand Propaganda of Slavery. We hold that the Union was framed for no such purposes, and contemplated no such results. The Constitution was framed by and for the People inhabiting the old Thirteen States, and not for Louisiana French, Mexicans and Cubans. Its purpose was to secure the rights and liberties of those entering into the compact, and not of an indefinite number of mixed races, scattered over the vast American Continent. And though Slavery within the limits of the contracting States was recognized as a fact, and protected as an Institution, it never entered into the hearts of any of the parties to it that it was any part of the business of an Instrument established for the purpose "of securing the blessings of liberty to themselves and their posterity," to extend, protect and perpetuate the curses of Slavery over unimagined regions. We hold, and our opinion is not without good contemporary authority, that whatever moral obligation the Union ever had was broken and released by the purchase and admission of Louisiana; and that any State has had a perfect moral and political right to secede at any time since then. Our opinion is, that the time has come now to exercise this right. And neither the history of the last ten years nor prophecy of the next five are of a character to weaken this conviction.

This topic, however, we will follow up at another time. As to the Annexation of Cuba, and the wars and fightings that must precede that fulfiment of prophecy, we are confident that certain good things will grow out of it. Peradventure, the Governor General may execute the threat which he holds *in terrorem* over the heads of the planters, and emancipate all the Slaves by Proclamation! Which will very prettily complicate the whole question in case of success. We shall then see whether England will allow slaves lawfully freed to be reduced again to Slavery. And, indeed, before that question comes up, we shall have to see whether she will allow the United States to possess herself of the key of the Gulf without an audible remonstrance. The bare prospect, much more the stern reality, of a war with England would modify materially the constitutional devotion of the slavecatching patriots of Wall Street and State Street. They may be content to catch a poor negro, as a sacrifice to their country; but to have their ships caught by British cruisers would be another affair. The Union is a pure matter of Trade—a simple transaction of dollars and cents. And the men who pretend to any sentiment of loyalty to it, mean only that they bear true faith and allegiance to their own breeches' pockets. When Baring, Brothers & Co., or A. & A. Lawrence & Co., or Goodhue & Co., will remain in partnership together, after their books demonstrate that it is a losing concern, for the mere love they bear to the firm, then will the people of the United States hold to the Union when they are satisfied that they are losing money by it. Anything, therefore, which would go to diminish its money value, would be an absolute moral gain.

And then, at all events, we shall have abundant material for agitation. Mighty as we have seen the Compromise to be in quieting the public mind on the subject of Slavery, Cuba will be more mighty to keep it alive. The rub-a-dub agitation which we have so successfully kept up, with the volunteer assistance of Messrs. Choate, Stuart, Spring, and a host of other patriotic sages and divines, may become the *reveille* which shall arouse the nation from its night of sleep. And who knows but the South may feel sufficiently strengthened by this acquisition to kick the North out of her company! It is not much more likely, to be sure, than that she should emancipate her black slaves, because they are sometimes impudent and require the lash. But in desperate cases, men will solace themselves with as desperate dreams.—E. Q.

CUBA.

THE summary punishment inflicted by the Spanish Government of Cuba upon the piratical invaders of her soil has brought to a sudden termination, for the present, all plans for her subjugation. The most sanguine advocates of Cuban independence cannot fail to be convinced, by the fate of Lopez and his companions, that whatever else they may count upon for their purposes, they can reckon no longer upon any desire in the Creole population for a change of masters. In all the conflicting accounts that have tantalised the public curiosity for two weeks past one thing, at least, is certain,—that the invaders had nothing to hope for from any co-operation of the Cubans themselves.

Had Lopez been at the head of an army capable of contending successfully for a month with the Government the people might have manifested a different disposition. Of that however we can know nothing, and the 'Cuban sympathisers' in this country know precisely as much as the public at large and no more, and that is, that however patriotic the Creoles may be, their prudence exceeds their patriotism. It is clear they will not give aid and comfort to any revolution that does not present a reasonable prospect of succeeding, whether they aid it or not.

The projectors of Cuban independence have here an obstacle to surmount at the outset on which they did not calculate. How this first and disastrous defeat will affect them remains to be seen. It is clearly not to be another Texan business in the accomplishment, whatevever it may be in the result. Cuba is not to be first settled and then made a revolted province. She has no conterminous frontier with the United States over which our Government may send its troops to repel her invasions. Who conquers her must do it as invaders, without the aid of her own people, and in a desperate struggle, not with a weak and distracted Government, feebly contending for a wild and sparsely populated territory, but with one that feels that in losing this she loses the chief source of her prosperity and power.

If those who have hoped that Cuba would fall an easy prey to the rapacious energy of the Slave-Power, have not reflected upon these things before, the fate of the first invasion will force them to do so now. That they have received this terrible lesson all real lovers of our country, every true lover of humanity, will rejoice, however much they may pity the poor wretches who have suffered the death awarded to felons by the laws which they outraged. But we are not to conclude because this new essay of the Slave power at national robbery begins in utter discomfiture and terrible sacrifices of human blood, that therefore it is ended. The hope of so great and brilliant a prize is not to be relinquished because the hands that first grasped at it are cut off with the sword. Confusion, doubtless, reigns in the councils of the conspirators; discomfiture, perhaps, will prostrate them for a season; but they will not abandon their great and infernal project. The political adventurers, who reap the harvest that other men sow, will not relinquish the hope of the new field for struggles for power and place that opened to their view; and Southern statesmen, who, with far-seeing prudence, would guard against the time when Slavery will be without friends, save in her own household, will risk much to make that household so large and powerful that that alone shall be enough for its defence, and enable it to abandon all other Unions than that within its own borders. Nor are there wanting adventurers enough, desperate and reckless, who will forget, in a few weeks, the bloody retribution which overtook the first invaders, and will be ready to attempt to obey the orders of those who are far too wise to risk their own heads in the execution of their own devices. All these, in good time, will bring us to another Cuban invasion, another struggle to supplant one tyranny by another, but for a while we must content ourselves with nothing better than rumors of revolution in Mexico and Central America.

NEW YORK MAN-MARKET.

THE Union Committee may thank their stars that there is no end to the resources of trade. A prudent merchant, nevertheless, always tries his market, if a new one, in a small way before he goes into large operations. The managing partners of the Union Committee are, nobody doubts, prudent men. With the prospects of the silk business we are not very familiar, but it has not, we believe, been quite so profitable this year as usual. Messrs. Carlton & Co. and others of the Committee, are thinking, perhaps, of changing their business and going into the man-trade. For this, New York offers great facilities, but it was the dictate of prudence that it should first be tried in a small way. It has been tried in the case of Bolding, and the result must be eminently satisfactory. We can see nothing in the way of the Union Committee going into large operations in the catching and selling men and women. The promise of quick and large returns is very great, and at the smallest outlay. The Committee should at once advertise through the *Day Book*, *Journal of Commerce* and *Herald*, that their arrangements being now complete, they are ready at once to enter into negotiations for the catching "runaway niggers" for sale in this market for the benefit of the former masters. The facilities at their command, through their engagement with Marshal Talmadge, Chief Slave-Hunter, and Mr. Hall, an influential and eminent member of the New York bar, who consents, for little or no fee, to insure that all the necessary legal steps shall be made with promptness and energy, enable the Committee to run down and secure any designated man or woman with the utmost certainty and despatch. When fairly caught, a much larger price than can be had in any Southern market can immediately be secured for the captive through the influence of the *Journal* over that large portion of the community which believes that it must submit to and abide by the law and its results, at any sacrifice, however much their humanity revolts at acts which few men, let us hope, would commit on their individual responsibility. How very profitable the business can be made is conclusively shown by the case of Bolding. This man would not have brought, probably, more than $1000, in any Southern shambles. Here he commands at once $2000, leaving a margin of about $1000 to be divided—Government paying most of the expenses—between the operators here and the assumed owner. The business, too, must concentrate here, as the case of Davis shows very conclusively that it cannot be safely transacted any where but under the immediate direction and influence of our Union Committee. If the Southern slaveholders understand their true interests, they will at once send in their orders to this Committee, addressed to its nursing fathers, Messrs. Carleton & Co., for all the runaway slaves in the Northern States. It will go hard, but Marshal Talmadge and his son will hound them out, Mr. Hall will convict them, and the *Journal of Commerce* get the price of them out of somebody. If it should occasionally happen that the last fail from scarcity of money, a glut in the market, or any other cause, there will always be a resource in the Southern shambles, and the satisfaction of taking the rascal where, as one of the "Southern brethren" said, on the Court House steps, of Bolding, they can "make him howl."

The return of Bolding is looked for this week. The $2000 which his master at length consented to take for him has been raised and been deposited in the hands of the Marshal. This Anderson is unquestionably a shrewd fellow, and might be safely employed as the Southern agent of the Union Committee. His first price for Bolding was, we believe, about $1200; but after watching the market for a few hours, he rose to $1500, then to $1700, and finally settled down upon $2000. He got it, and we may record that sum as the price of likely young tailors in the New York Man-Market at this date.

☞ *The Tribune* remarks it as a striking coincidence that the Hon. S. S. Phelps, late U. S. Senator from Vermont, a strenuous opposer of the Compromise measures in general, and the Fugitive Slave Law in particular, has recently written a long and able letter in favour of the Law for which he could not vote, claiming that it is far more favourable to the fugitive than that of '93; and about the same time with the appearance of this letter is an official announcement that Mr. E. J. Phelps, son of the Senator, is appointed Second Controller in the U. S. Treasury at Washington. Such accidents will happen occasionally.

Communications.

AFRICAN COLONISATION.....THE OTHER SIDE.

NO. II.

HORACE GREELEY, Esq.: It was well said by Lieut. Maury, that "Nature as a whole and all the departments thereof are intimately connected. If we attempt to study in one of them, we find ourselves tracing clues which lead us off insensibly into others, and before we are aware we find ourselves exploring the chambers of some other department." This negro question requires for its proper study that we should enter into the Race History of Man, Climatology, Psychology, and, indeed, all the branches of thought connected with human kind; and further requires a breadth and acuteness of vision, and a patience in inquiry, such as neither you nor I, in the hurry of city life, can give it, even had we that freedom from prejudice, without which all effort were vain. For my part, I can only jot down glances at this great problem, and cannot hope to mark out its grand outlines, much less do the filling up.

The loss of the Alexandrian library and its wealth of ancient lore is a deep grief to scholars, but I am convinced that there will be a profounder grief among thinkers, a century hence, that there is not now placed on record a succinct account of the true relation which the blacks now bear to this Republic—a concise statement of the facts embodied in their resistance and elevation herein against odds sufficient to crush any ordinary variety of the human species. How this laughing, dancing, 'Jim Crow' people, which the builders reject, will have become the corner stone of the Republic, will be matter of profound amazement; but an amazement profounder still must grow out of the fact of the existence of that man-hate which you call natural and desirable prejudice, which will have utterly disappeared in the coming era. For I dare not libel the Almighty God by thinking that he has emplanted in one portion of his human creatures a hatred, an inextinguishable hatred, against another portion of his human creatures. I dare not libel the Almighty by supposing that, in erecting the Splendid Fabric in which we live, He meant it for the building up of partition walls of adamant between man and his fellow man.

The other day, you libelled the people of the Free States; to-day (Aug. 30), you more grossly libel our fellow citizens of the Slave States, when you say 'that intermingling with the blacks is naturally revolting to the whites;' in other words, the hundred thousand whites who will pass this night in the embraces of black women, in the South, are committing a crime against Nature. Now, sir, you know that the South produces mulattoes *de novo* every hour; you know that from the planter down to his lowest Scotch-Irish driver, each man has one or more negro concubines, and mixed offspring: and if all this be revolting, it must be a crime against Nature. The presence or absence of the marriage tie does not alter the result: no priest could solemnise a wedlock between man and a monkey: God has set them apart, and they cannot mingle blood. Nor does the absence of the marriage tie alter the nature of the connexion between whites and blacks

It is a libel to call that connexion a curse, because society at the South tolerates it; it is a libel against Nature to call it revolting, because the Creator had long since solemnized and made holy this connexion, when He ordained that human frames and immortal souls should spring therefrom. No, sir! these Southrons do nothing revolting to Nature, to God, nor to themselves, in this matter. They simply obey that Higher Law of Progress which demands as its first condition the free admixture of varieties of human kind.

No single variety of man is capable of continued development without admixture with other varieties of the species. Look over History and this will appear. I affirm further, that whenever, by any cause, this admixture ceases in any nation, there occurs arrest of progress. Hayti, the Celts, the Chinese, and tribeland throughout the world, prove this. The human tide must roll on; if it flow aside into tranquil pools, it stagnates; but if it flow on, every streamlet, from how many soever varieties of race, adds to its volume, its force, its life, and away go the impediments with which rugged nature or human institutions bar its way; the stream swells to a river, whose width and depth increase with the passing years, as it trends towards that perfection and grandeur which merges into the Divinity. Wars and invasions, and myriad migrations, and slave trades, are the rude media by which this law of Progress is carried out.

Per ardua ad alta! each race that mingles with this grand current suffers for a time the common penalty of imperfect nature. It may, like the Indian, sink apparently beneath the current, or, like the African, float, scum-like, upon the surface; yet the admixture is made, and each, in giving up its individuality, contributes its peculiar bent and modification to the general stream. It is a wide mistake to suppose that nations die and leave no sign—not even an individual of the meanest tribe upon the earth passes away without his peculiar influence upon the whole, any more than an atom in the physical world can *be* without affecting the glorious sun and and starry hosts.

"A true fellowship or society, then, among men has an internal ground or origin, springs from their spontaneous sympathies and attractions. Its foundation is the unity of human nature, a unity which exacts the utmost variety or distinction in the elements composing it. Exactly in the degree in which these various elements become freely asserted, will their unity be manifested, will human society become perfected. The case herein is precisely similar to a musical harmony. The harmony is grand or complete just in the degree that its elemental notes are relatively various and distinct. If the notes are all accordant with each other, the result is at best a simple melody. But if each note gives a distinct sound from every other, then the result is a grand and rapturous harmony that lifts the soul to God."—*Morality and the Perfect Life, by James.*

Admixture is progress; Isolation is retrogression. Isolation was the curse at Babel; and it is the curse which you would inflict on us blacks when you would have us separated by ourselves in Liberia or a separate county. And the philosophy of our resistance against such isolation is an instinctive dread of retrogression—an instinct which argues the certainty of our advancement. You may argue that this 'revolting admixture' cannot take place, but such argument is vain; facts overwhelm it. Where did the browns, the mulattoes and the quadroons come from?

To a great extent, the admixture is already done. Ask any man who saw an assemblage of blacks fifty years since, in any American locality, and who saw a similar assembly within a week, whether the general complexion is not one half whiter? Except those actually brought hither from the Coast of Africa, there are not fifty thousand persons of unmixed negro blood among the three and a quarter millions of blacks in this land.

The case, on our side, might here rest. But you said (*Tribune*, Aug. 5, 1850) "We believe this country owes a debt to Africa; * * we believe the better portion of the free blacks of America ought to consecrate their lives to the work of regenerating and civilizing the land of their forefathers." Did you mean foremothers? And again (*Tribune*, May 3, 1850), "It does seem to us that this idea of colonising * * Africa * * * is a work to which the black race among us are called, and which it is cowardice, is baseness on their part to shrink from." And further (*Tribune*, Feb. 24, 1851), "Our fathers were treated very unjustly by George III. and his ministry, but that injustice was the means of their entire emancipation from foreign control. If the blacks will confront their disabilities in the same spirit (spirit of Attucks, listen!), they may yet achieve for their race a glorious destiny, for themselves an enduring fame." But you go on to say (*Tribune*, May 30, 1851), "Look at Hayti, with its baboon Emperor, jackdaw court, and population of stupid, ignorant, squalid, drunken savages, sinking deeper and deeper into barbarism after a century of Freedom!" "What is the reason of this?"

The reason why the United States have advanced while Hayti retrograded is, the former admixed, while the latter remained isolated; even the civilized nations standing aloof from their sable sister, "sitting in darkness, drinking blood." And for the same reason, a colony of isolated blacks cannot evangelize Africa. You might as easily get a spark from two positive poles of electrodes. Nay, can you show me a case in history where colonisation of the civilized, in any force, has civilized and evangelized a nation of barbarians? Liberia is not one. The Americans, as they style themselves there, ape the caste of the United States; they hold the old relation of the conquering to the conquered race: the natives are their serfs. The successful colonization of the civilized has always led to the serfdom or extermination of the barbarians with whom they come in contact.

Missionaries, full of the Holy Ghost and of Love, have and may do much to evangelize Africa. But, are we free blacks such? You have brought us up to despise the complexion which God has given us; can you expect us, without some special revelation, suddenly to love it so that we will plunge into its perpetual gloom?

You expect a further impossibility, when you urge that we can advance on the African Coast. The climate is such as never yet has produced thoughtful and energetic men. The relative bulk of inland to small extent of coast, the absence of indentations by rivers and peninsulas, are physical difficulties in the way of civilization, laid down by Ritter. Compare, in this view, Europe or the United States, with its "climate piercing Mississippi," as Lieut. Maury calls it, with the Coast of Guinea, and you will see that to civilize Africa will require more energy, more capital, more sagacity, than have been expended on either of the other two. Have we blacks these elements?

And, my dear sir, what sort of civilization would we carry to Africa, or into a separate community, now? Would it be better than we have we been taught at home? To build temples to God the Respecter of Persons, to erect such Courts of Justice as was exhibited in the United States Court room to-day? To hang a woman, *enciente*, for defending her own person from violation? To buy and sell the offspring of our own bodies? Heaven help you, man, are you not mistaken after all? or do I understand you to mean, that we free blacks should instil a little aboriginal African civilization into this barbarous land of ours?

If ours be any mission on this earth, it is a mission of love. And if there be any land or people who need this mission more than all others—need it as an element to fill up the measure of national development, need it as a savour to arrest the rottenness now festering at the core—it is this land and this people. All Europe has poured all the other elements into your lap; but without this element of love, you are naught. There is in our confederacy vital force, unlimited sagacity in contrivance, a strong disposition to organise, and an heroic daring before which nature and mankind yield their obeisance; yet our machinery creaks, and strains, and threatens to break up! How little of the oil of love would smooth down these sectional asperities and cause the whole to move on in cumulative grandeur.

Hic labor, Hic opus est! Here is our duty, and we are bound to do it. We believe in the Saviour's injunction, "Love those that hate you and despitefully use you, and persecute you." We think that when he said 'Love one another,' that he gave the *will* along with the command. And we should be recreant to Him, if we fled away from you simply because you say you hate us. We are yours; you are ours, "What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."

'*E. Pluribus Unum.*' Prophetic motto! From many nations, from the strong Saxon energy of the Englishman, from the cool sagacity and indomitable perseverance of the Scot, from the fresh and buoyant Irish, from the keen intellectual vivacity of the Gall, from the far-reaching subtle genius of the German, and, though last, not least, from the all-suffering, the all-enduring, the all-surviving and long-despised Negro, are made up the ONE of the American people! "What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder!"

The largest, the most frequent, and the freest intercourse of the most variously endowed races of men that the world has yet seen assembled together, make up the physical character and the intellectual being of the American people. Blessed with a climate the most favourable for physical and mental development, with a territory, moreover, sufficiently diversified to reproduce variously endowed men, possessed also with the means of rapid and frequent intercourse between these variously endowed men, or races if you will, all the elements of progress lie within our grasp, and will continue to do so during the existence of the American Union. As to caste, which society is striving to uphold, by short-sighted editors or impotent laws, it must and will give way. "Man is spiritually larger than the institutions which pretend to contain him. He consequently overflows their boundaries and exposes them to contempt."

The work goes bravely on. You had better fall in the line and help speed it. Pray the good God to take out of your heart that leprous prejudice against His creatures which lead you to say that "it is not desirable nor natural for blacks and whites to mingle in the same community." When that is done, you may advance a step and take rank with black men in struggling for the advance of our common humanity. Poor, weak 'heart of hare' that you are, we will give you aid and comfort that will make you feel the first dawnings of a large and universal manhood. One day at the poles in 1846, one day of jeering such as we bear all our lives, caused your heart to faint within you, and to give up as hopeless the struggle 'for equal rights.'

The reason was, that your tongue said equal rights, while your poor fluttering heart was brim-full of prejudice! Fall in, man! Pray for a larger heart, and you will begin to understand the why and the wherefore of a black man's endurance!

Sept. 1, 1851. JAMES MCCUNE SMITH.

PALENVILLE, Green Co., N. Y., Sep 1, 1851.

S. H. GAY—*Dear Sir:* Your Baltimore correspondent, of July 23d, having, after a residence of six months at Washington, returned to the North, wishes to say a few words more through the columns of the *Standard*.

I am now on my return from that wonderful work of Nature, the Cattskill Falls These, as many of your readers know, are twelve miles from the Hudson, and two south of the Mountain House; and are visited by many from all parts of the country. Tired with my journey—for I went by that narrow and serpentine path which can be travelled only by a pedestrian—I seat myself on a stone, with a smooth rock for my table. I am not accustomed to such a seat or table, but it answers my purpose quite well. I only wish I could give utterance to my feelings, in language suitable to the occasion, and which the subject demands. Here, the wonderful works of Nature cry aloud, there is a God! In this wild and romantic region, all nature—the singing of the birds—the music of the rippling stream—the soft and gentle breeze, as it murmurs through the pines, seem to say, in language clear and distinct, Man must be free! Nothing suggests the idea that man was ever intended by the All-wise Creator to be the property of man. No humanitarian can view these works of Nature, can stand in this fissure, which the waters of some flood, or the sinking of the foundations of the soil, or the rending asunder of the rocks by an earthquake, have made between two mountains that must formerly have been in contact, without a reverence for the Great Architect of the Universe, who would have all mankind free, and who never made a slave! Though our soil is poor and our clime bleak, we live, perhaps, as contented and happy as those of the most favoured parts of the earth. By the hand of industry, by labour effectual, because it is free, these hills and vales, naturally poor, are made prolific. Where, a few years since, stood the scrubby oak and sickly pine-tree, is now an orchard bearing fruit, lovely to the eye and pleasing to the taste. In another direction may be seen the stubble, where a few days ago, stood the golden harvest, now snugly garnered.

When I have stood on the summit of this mountain, and surveyed the fields below, covered with the yellow harvest and various kinds of crops, I have thought to myself, why is it that here, under this mountain, on either side of it, and all around it—poor as is the soil, long and severe as are the winters—there is so much thrift, so much enterprise, and so much prosperity? Here are cultivated fields and cultivated farms. Here are factories of many kinds in successful operation, and why is it? It is because labour is as God intended it to be—free! Industry seeks its own channels for development; man is not basely driven by man. If any choose to leave us, they can do so. We set no government blood-hounds on their track. We are under no necessity of tightening the chain on any, to keep them from leaving us. If any choose to leave us, we do not compel their return. We call out no armed men to assist in capturing them. If any of our neighbours see fit to take up their abode in the refined and elegant city of Charleston, S. C., we do not disturb the good people of that city, by night or by day, in arresting them; nor do we disturb any citizen of South Carolina, charging him with having stolen and runaway with himself, and compelling him to prove his freedom. No; we do no such thing. We wish for peace, honourable peace; and this can be best maintained by staying at home and minding our business, not by hunting over the South to see if we can't find some one who has run away with himself. If gentlemen at the South would have peace, let them stay at home and mind their own business, and let other men take care of their's:—let them abstain from this intermedling with other men's affairs. If any of their neighbours like the free States better than the sunny South, they should be left the free enjoyment of their God-given rights. It may be well for gentlemen of the South to look well to their condition; their slaves may yet be their masters, and, in that case, there will be little sympathy in their behalf. There is not a single attribute of heaven which they can employ in their behalf. If the South wishes peace and union, let her prove it by abstaining from man hunting; let her cease to hunt men from one end of the Union to the other. But if their trade is to be that of man hunting and woman catching, then it will be crying peace, peace, when there is no peace.

Coming up the Hudson not long since, I conversed with a gentleman who would yield to the "powers that be," who would obey the laws, and yet feed the fugitive and help him on his way to freedom. So we differ.

When human and Divine laws conflict, I am at a loss to see how a Christian can give his support to the human. God's law is paramount to any man can make. It is above and beyond all other laws. And I am apt to think that every true Christian will continue so to regard it, in spite of all other laws, and in the face of any and every compromise. There are those in the administration ranks, even Millard Fillmore himself, who have given money to assist the fugitive in his flight from bondage; and if this slave catching is persisted in many of them will become disgusted with the law, and will take ground for its repeal: and if it cannot be repealed, why then, they will look to a Higher law. If man cannot be freed by human law, then he must by a Higher. The time must be when man will reap the fruits of his toil. Justice shall yet lift aloft her mighty scales; the hand that sows shall yet reap the field. All the compromises man can invent will not prevent it.

I am proud to say, I know not the man, in this part of the country, so false to humanity as to justify American Slavery, that scourge of our country, that appalling sin, that "Sum of all villanies." No, sir, the day is past when a man can be found in this part of Green County, who says Slavery is right and should be perpetuated. But there are many yet in the North who have strange notions in regard to the subject. They would do nothing, say nothing, to hasten the emancipation of three millions of human beings in a bondage dark as Egypt's night, and more to be abhorred than any tyranny the earth has known. They would have it cease to exist at some time. Heaven only knows when, I don't. It has become chronic, says one, and requires time for its extinction. Were they the only ones to portray its enormities, I think it would "take time." Others may be found who say, "it is a wrong, a great wrong, but what have we to do with it?" as though we are not commanded to feel for the wronged, to sympathize with the oppressed and down-trodden, to relieve the suffering! "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature," according to pro-Slavery Christians, means, go ye out of your own country, and preach the Gospel to the rest of the world! So we are to understand them, that to do good home is wrong. If we try to remove the mote from our own eyes, we may become unpopular; our friends may think we are fanatics! and we should by all means, try to preserve our good names, so that we may hand them down to posterity, unspotted uncontaminated, and unimpaired. Who can estimate the cost of a spotless reputation? rich is the inheritance thereof; pious and pure are the precepts it inculcates.

It is all well to carry the gospel to the heathen of other countries, but when it is proposed that the heathen of our own country be taught the Bible, why then, the question assumes another form, takes another shape. Then the teaching of the Bible is dangerous, dangerous to the peace and welfare of the State, dangerous to Freedom. And the world knows we love Freedom; have loved it ever since the war of the Revolution, ever since we declared ourselves independent. If any doubt this, let them look at the Declaration of Independence, and see if they don't find that "all men are declared free and equal; and endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," not the pursuit of slaves. And the Bible should not be taught in the South, because we do not wish to give offence to Southern Christians. We love peace, all but the Mexican War! and that was necessary to the spread of the Gospel! The spread of the Gospel in Catholic Mexico! Necessary to the perpetuity of the Protestant Religion! Yes, to the spread of American Republicanism! Catholic Mexico, be it ever remembered, abolished Slavery where Protestants sought to supplant it. It was a war for something else than the spread of Christianity; it was a war for the spread of American Slavery.

The Gospel may have been spread there, but not intentionally. If, as has been said, the Bible was used for wadding, it was undoubtedly spread there. There is now little doubt that the Mexican War is approved by the majority of the American people; and what were the pains, and sufferings, and horrors of that war, waged for Slavery, few can calculate or imagine. Time has drawn its curtain over much of its realities. Tales of wo, and wrong, and suffering; deeds of infamy and shame, too shocking to be told on earth, are now passed away and forgotten. The dead have gone to their last home. Many actors of that dark and bloody war are yet among us. "I tremble for my country, when I remember that God is just."

Who has not heard of that poor, unfortunate Mexican girl, who, while carrying water to quench the thirst of either host, was pierced by a ball from an American musket, and fell a victim to her efforts, for the relief of the suffering; or rather a victim to treacherous war. Who is responsible for this murder? A terrible responsibility rests somewhere. It rests not alone on the poor soldier, but on all, who in any way, gave support to that accursed war. It rests on the Statesman who did not lift up his voice against it; on the minister in the pulpit who did not denounce it as he ought. Where is the good that this war is said to have accomplished? Is there enough to compensate for the loss of this unfortunate girl whose mission was so angelic; to say nothing of miseries untold, of sufferings that have never reached us. That war, prosecuted for the extension of Slavery, has been the cause of suffering which no pen has ever described, no tongue has ever uttered. Now, when I say the Ministers of the Gospel were false to their profession, by not denouncing that war as they ought, I shall be placed in the same category with that ornament of his country, Wm. Lloyd Garrison. I crave their censure more than their praise. How much better it were for our country if the traducers of that defender of the Rights of Man were worthy to stand on the same level with him. I am confident I shall be sustained by every true Christian who may chance to read this, and I have no desire to have the approbation of others. Why did not the pulpit denounce this war for Slavery? They knew it was a war for Slavery, for conquest. It certainly was their duty to know. There were those who knew their duty, and acted accordingly, and I honour them for it. But it is a lamentable fact that a great majority of the Clergy were content to keep smoothly along with Public Opinion, instead of attempting to guide or control it. They pandered to the wickedness of the times, instead of preaching the true doctrine of Reformation. It is easy to go with the multitude, but it is a hard thing to be a Christain. Whoever is true to Humanity must bear persecution. When we find a man of large popularity, we may well suspect he wears only the garb of Christianity, be he in the Church, or out of it.

GEO. C. BLANCHARD.

Miscellaneous News.

IMPORTANT FROM CUBA.—END OF THE INVASION.—EXECUTION OF LOPEZ.

WITHIN a few days past, positive information has been received here of the final termination of the invasion of Cuba; the annihilation or the despersion of the invaders, and the execution of their General.

We give below the account sent by the correspondent of *The Tribune* of the events which terminated in the execution of Lopez at Havana, on the 1st inst.

HAVANA, Monday, Sept. 1, 1851.

After having defeated and wasted away, the Spanish forces sent to capture him, Gen. Lopez worn out in the struggle, has been obliged to succumb—the Creoles not having lifted a hand to sustain him—continually promising, but never coming to the work. Having commenced with so much spirit their redemption from bondage, it was supposed that after the landing of their friends had been effected, and such noble battles fought against the whole strength of the army in this vicinity, that they would not have hesitated—but they have nerve for love—none for war.

Gen. Lopez was to have been executed this morning at 6 o'clock—by the *garrote*—captured by a *Creole!* in the mountains, after being worn out by sickness and continued exposure—and in consequence of the operation of the partial pardon offered by the Government to those who would come in—chains *for life* in Africa, in lieu of death.

This community is in much excitement, owing to the treatment of Spaniards in New Orleans, and our countrymen are not regarded with much favour. The force of law and order will protect them, probably; if not, they have only to thank those at home for what evil may chance.

Our Consul has received threatening letters, but there has been no violence upon foreigners in the streets or their dwellings—nor will there be, as I believe. Capt. Platt, sloop-of-war Albany, after his vessel had been visited on entering port, received very *complimentary letters* from the Captain General—a salve for the wounded honour of the flag, &c.

THE EXECUTION.

The following is our correspondent's account of this event:

Gen. Lopez was executed this morning, at the ordinary place of execution, at 7 o'clock, in the presence of an immense crowd. His effigy had been worn out the two days previous in the extravagant joy of the populace. His last words as near as I can render them were:

"My Countrymen: Pardon me for the evil, if any, I have caused to you. I have not intended any evil, but your good rather. Farewell!"

The bearing of Lopez as he was led to the *garrote*, which was placed on a platform some twelve or fifteen feet above the ground, was perfectly firm and manly. Whatever he may have said previously, he uttered no reproaches upon those who had promised to support him, but had failed to keep their word. The execution was conducted in an orderly manner, and with little noise on the part of the crowd.

The following is our translation of the orders for the execution:

GOVERNMENT AND CAPTAIN-GENERALCY OF THE EVER-FAITHFUL ISLAND OF CUBA.

TOWN ORDERS, for Aug 31, 1851.

By a superior decree of the Most Excellent Senor, the Governor and Captain-General, Don Narciso Lopez, who commanded the band of pirates, that disembarked at the place called Playitas to the leward of this capital, on the morning of the 12th instant, has been condemned to the infamous punishment of the garrote. The execution is to take place at 7 o'clock in the morning of Sept. 1. The troops of all arms composing the garrison of this town, and the forces from elsewhere, will assemble at a sufficient time beforehand, at the camp of the Punta, where the scaffold is placed, around which they will form a square. The regiment of Gallicia will take its station in front with banner displayed. The other corps will be present with all their disposable force. The artillery will take the right, with their engineers next them; the other forces, without distinction, will occupy the places assigned them. The cavalry will be stationed according to the directions of the Brigadier, the Royal Lieutenant Commanding the town, who will command the troops, having under his orders the staff officers of the army, and an equal number of town adjutants. A true copy. ZURITA.

Of the mode in which Lopez was captured, we have nothing more precise than we have above given, though we have some details of the pursuit. Col. de Lago reports, on the 28th, that he had learned from prisoners, that on the night of the 24th Lopez disappeared from the mass of his band, with a few Cubans, and that previous to that he had endeavoured to make his way to the South. Lieut. Col. Zequira reports, on the 28th, Lopez, with only six followers, was seeking to escape by all possible means. Col. Morales de Rads, on the same day, reports that a young mountaineer had come into his camp and informed him that two hours before he had seen Lopez, with six unarmed followers, and that he had offered him $200, beside a draft for $2,000, payable at sight at Havana, if he would guide him to the plantation of Diego de Tapia, but that suddenly, a few moments after, as if doubting his fidelity, Lopez ordered him to go away, and separated from his followers, and alone, with a mulatto boy, disappeared in the woods. The officer into whose hands Lopez was surrendered by his captors, was Capt. Louis Jarequemada of the staff. The official report says that he was taken with six of his men in the *Pinos de Rangel:* his captors were Jose Antonio Castaneda, guide of a pursuing force, and fifteen peasants of the country. The capture took place on the 29th, just seventeen days from his landing. The news of it spread at once through the country, and people began to flock into the camp to see the prisoners; to avoid inconvenience, Col. Ramon de Lago, who commanded the column, conveyed them to Havana by a night march.

The peasants appear everywhere to have opposed the invaders with the utmost hostility. At Aguacate they took and delivered twelve prisoners; Col. de Lago reports, on the 26th, that the hills about San Cristobal were full of peasants, with dogs, in pursuit of the 'pirates,' and guiding the troops in the work of extermination; Commandant Felix Sanchez reports that they offered him every aid, and manifested a truly loyal enthusiasm; at Bahia Honda two of the invaders were captured at one time by the pesants; sixteen at another; and at another seven by the negroes of Don Manuel Quinones; and on the 22d ultimo, the population of Pozas shot ten who had fallen into their hands. Whatever may have been the wish of the wealthier Creoles for Cuban independence, provided others would achieve it for them, the small cultivators of the district where Lopez landed adhered to the royal cause as loyally as did the peasantry of Spain itself in the contest with Napoleon.

We translate herewith the proclamation of the Captain-General, offering a commutation of punishment to those of the invaders who should surrender. No doubt, as our correspondent says above, it hastened somewhat the final catastrophe.

"The Most Excellent Senor, the Captain General, has seen proper to direct, under this date, to the chiefs of columns in the field and to the Lieut. Governors of Bahia Honda, Mariel, San Cristobal, and Pinar del Rio, the following circular:

"The greater part of the pirates who dared to invade the island have been destroyed by the valiant troops of that army to whom the lot fell of being destined to pursue them, as well as by the not less decided and active co-operation of all the loyal inhabitants of the district they had sought to make their den. Considering, at once, the unanimous confession of all those who have been taken and executed, that they had been brought here into a foreign territory through a complete deception, having been made to believe that the country called them, that the army would make common cause with them, and that triumph would be as easy as it was certain, such being the promise of the traitor who led them; and that the directors of such a foolish and disorderly enterprise could not, in any other way, have got together the multitude connected therewith; and also that public vengeance has already been satisfied by the severe chastisement inflicted on those individuals hitherto captured, as well as on those that have perished by the balls or the bayonets of our gallant troops; and that, finally, the time has arrived to make use of clemency, according to the dictates of humanity, I have determined:

"1. That quarter shall be given to every individual belonging to the band under command of the traitor Lopez, who shall surrender or be taken by the troops of her Majesty within four days from the publication of this resolution in the respective districts; it being well understood that after the expiration of that periode the general army order of April 20 last, will remain in full force, as it has up to now.

"2. The individual or individuals belonging to said said band who shall surrender said leader, Lopez, shall be free from all punishment, and if he be a foreigner, shall be restored to his own country."

This I communicate to you for your exact observance, ordering that it be immediately published in all the districts, under your command. God guard your Excellency many years! Havana, Aug 24, 1851.

JOSE DE LA CONCHA.

A true copy. PEDRO ESTEBAN."

We find among the official documents published by the government, the statements of two prisoners. The first, Juan Antonio Rosales, tobacconist of New Orleans, aged 32 and married to a native of Germany, declares that he is a native of the province of Bayamo, that he was a private in the expedition, that he was wounded at Pozas in the right hand and arm; that he followed the march of the invaders till Aug. 17, when they fled from the coffee plantation of Frias to the hills, defeated and pursued, and he was taken captive; that he knew by name in the expedition, besides Lopez, Joaquin Cabrera, whom he believes to be of Guanajuato. Antonio Falcon, of Havana, Antonio Zoyas, of Puerto Principe, Anselmo Torres, of Havana, Diego Hernandez, 1st Lieut., of Santiago, and Jose Planos, Lieut., of Havana, and knew many others by sight, but could not recall their names; that the expedition at first consisted of 540 men, but when he was taken (Aug: 17.) there were not more than 300 remaining; that on sailing from New Orleans there were 35 Cubans, 4 Spaniards, 50 Germans and Hungarians, and all the rest Americans. Being asked if they had been joined by any persons since landing, he declares that, on the 16th two young men joined them in the mountains; further, that he had been induced to enter into the expedition by the representations of Desiderio Manresa, a native of the island, who took him to the house of Lopez by whom he was assured that they had received letters promising to revolutionize the island, and to bring over the regiment of Cantabria. Thus Lopez induced him to join, promising him a recompense in the lands of the island; and, finally, he declares that none of the peasants had joined Lopez, or held any conference with him but that all had fled from him without distinction, abandoning their homes; and that so great was the disappointment and rage of some of the men at Lopez, that they determined to kill him, but they had not done it, thinking that without him they would perish the more speedily.

The other prisoner, Francisco A. Laine, a native of the island, aged 26, declares that, when Lopez returned from Cardenas, in 1850, he had some conversation with him about certain Cubans whose names he did not remember, but that he had no employment with Lopez, or connection with him, except in the course of friendly correspondence.

With regard to the designs of Lopez in this expedition, he stated that the force which embarked in the steamer Pampero amounted to 600 men, exclusive of several who joined it in the Mississippi River; but the Captain having announced that he could not carry them all, a portion returned, leaving on board 480 men, they being all who disembarked at Morillo. The first object was to go to the River St. John, and effect a junction with an artillery force which was waiting there, and then land at some point in the central department; but on touching at Key West for stores, they were informed of the revolt of the Vuelta de Abajo; Lopez then resolved to land in that district; but by a mistake of the pilot, they were taken before Matanzas, and were obliged to return before Havana, in order to land at the port of Ortigosa; but were prevented from this, by the frigate Esperanza. The officers of the expedition were Narciso Lopez, Col. Pragay, the Hungarian, Col. Crittenden, and two others, named Linds and Clinton. The Captain of the company to which the deponent belonged, was Ildefenso Opforio; he was killed at Las Pozas. It was the intention of Lopez to establish a Cuban Republic, relying on insurrection of the Creoles and the good will of the troops.

The events which took place after the landing were as follows. They disembarked on the shore of Morillo at 11 o'clock at night on the 11th inst., with but a slight opposition; the shore was deserted, and the store open and forsaken. Having left about 200 men under Col. Crittenden in charge of the unnecessary arms and provisions, the remainder of the expedition under Lopez advanced to Las Pozas; the few countrymen fled as they came up, and on arriving at Las Pozas they found the town abandoned; nor would the inhabitants be persuaded to return. The next day they were attacked by the Spanish troops, who were repulsed; Lopez was left in possession of the place, with the loss of Col. Pragay, another Colonel whose name he had forgotten, Capt. Oberto, and some fifty men killed and wounded. Finding they did not meet with the expected sympathy from the people, and were attacked by the troops on whose co-operation they had relied, they determined to take to the mountains. With this intention, they started for Pinar del Rio, but by the blunder or treachery of the guide were conducted to the coffee estate of Frias, where they had another reencounter with the troops. This resulted in the loss of four or five men, which reduced the force at Frias to 220 men, 12 or 14 being wounded; with these they passed to Brujo, where they spent the night and the next morning went to Martitorena, where they were surprised, as they were breakfasting, by the Spanish troops, and completely dispersed. Over a hundred secreted themselves in the forest, one third without arms, where they remained for four days with no food but a horse, some corn, and wild plantains. Coming to a road, the deponent left the rest in order to write to his mother. He went to a hacienda for that purpose, and found there some officers of Galicia, who told him that he need not write as they were ordered to give quarter: that he was delivered to Gen. Rozales, sent to Bahia Honda, and thence to this city.

In reply to the question as to what resources the expedition relied on both in the United States and Cuba, he stated that all the resources were from Mr. Sigur, who had given $75,000 to purchase the Pampero; that sundry pieces of cannon and other arms were purchased at a government sale; that the cartridges were purchased through New Orleans merchants; that money and jewels had been sent from the island; that they received nothing after their landing; that the only agents in the United States were Sigur, Cuchins & Co., that they were advised by Lopez that no money could be expected in the island without the consent of the New York junta, which had disagreed with Betancourt and Aguero in regard to the plan of organizing the expedition.

The following are the names and places of nativity of the prisoners as published by the authorities of the Island. It will be seen that they comprise only a part of the 155 said to be in their hands:

New York,
Elias Otis,
Michael O'Keennen,
John Danton,
1st Lt. P. S. Van. Vechten,
M. L. Hefren.
Washington
Capt. Robert Ellis,
Thomas Hilton.
Mobile
1st L. E. H. McDonald,
D. D. Waif,
H. D. Thomason,
Charles A. Donunea,
Emanuel R. Wier.
New Orleans.
1st Lieut. Jas. G. Dewen,
" J. G. Bush,
W. Wilson,
W. Miller,
P. Lacoste,
M. Lieger,
P. Coleman,
Henry Smith,
John Cline,
Geo. Forster,
C. Knoll,
Nicholas Port,
John Martan,
Patrick McGrath,
Charles S. Daily,
Jas. Fiddes,
S. H. Prennell,
Conrad Taylor,
Thomas Denton,
C. A. McMurray,
J. Patan,
Conrad Arghalir,
José Chiceri,
G. Richardson,
John B. Brown,
Thomas S. Lee,
Capt. James Aquelli,
Harvey Williams,
Franklin Boyd.
Philadelphia.
Thomas Little,
Commiss'y J. A. Simpson,
George Wilson.
Kentucky.
1st Lieut. D. D Rousseau,
" Robert McGrler,
J. D. Hughes,
Wm. H. Vaugale,
Francis B. Holmes,
Malbone H. Scott,
Memphis.
1st Lieut. W. H. Craft.
Alabama.
J. D. Prenit,
W. L. Wilkinson,
C. Cook.
Charleston.
James Chapman.
Galena, Ill.
James Brady,
Petersburg.
Henry B. Hart.
St. Louis.
Jacob Fonts,
Preston Esces.
Virginia.
William Cameron.
Mississippi.
Thomas Mourou,
Wilson E. Rieves.
Ohio.
Issac Freeborn.
United States.
Cornelius Derby,
Peter Falbos,
Benjamin Harrer.
England.
William Caussans.
John Nowes.
Ireland.
Henry B. Metcalfe,
George Metcalfe,
James Porter,
Thomas McDellans.
Cuba.
Bernardo Allem,
Julio Chasagne,
Francisco Curbia y Garcia,
Ramon J. Arnau,
José Dovren,
Manuel Martinez,
Antonio Hernandez,
Martin Melesimo.
Germany.
Johannes Sucit,
Edward Wisse,
Wilhelm Losner,
Robert Seelust,
Ciriac Senepli,
Hungary.
Georg. Bautista.
New Grenada.
Andres Ganzalez.
Alquizar.
Francisco A. Leve.
Bayamo.
Manuel Diaz.
Navarre.
Antonio Romero.
Spain.
Francisco J. Zamora.
Not Stated.
Antonio L. Alfonso,
Manuel Aragon,
Jose Bojjanotie y Rubina,
Joaquin Casanova,
Miguel Guerra,
Wm Mac Kinney,
Dandrig Seay,
Leonardo Sujlioirt,
J. D. Baker,
Luis Bander.

The Havana papers abound in official decrees conferring orders, promotions, &c. as the rewaod of bravery and loyalty against the invaders.

We translate the following proclamation which has been issued at Havana

PROCLAMATION OF THE CAPTAIN-GENERAL.

GOVERNMENT AND CAPTAIN-GENERALCY OF THE EVER FAITHFUL ISLAND OF CUBA.

Inhabitants of the Island;

It is my duty to manifest to you my satisfaction at your deportment during the events which have just terminated in a manner most glorious to the great Nation to which we all belong.

It is notorious that in a foreign country sundry persons without law or conscience have designed to snatch this lovely island from the very Nation which endowed the world with the hemisphere of which it forms the most beautiful part. Frustrated in their attempt at Cardenas, they believed they might accomplish the criminal object to which they aspired, by seducing a few inexperienced and incautious youths to rebel against their queen and their country. But your loyalty and the valor of the army have brought to an end their insignificant movements as soon as they had been begun by their intriguing promoters. And as if they had proposed to remove every slightest trace of doubt concerning the true origin of their movements, they subsequently organized an expedition under the leading of the traitor Lopez, which debarked on the northern coast of the western part of this Department.

Hardly two weeks have passed, and all that composed this expedition, including its traitor chief, have fallen dead or alive into your hands or into those of the troops sent to pursue them. Perhaps history, in all its pages, does not present a single example of invasion so promptly and completely exterminated.

It could not fail to be so. The valor of the troops put them to rout in battle; and you, wherever they set their disgraceful feet upon your soil, converted yourselves into other soldiers, capable as any of bearing arms. Not only have you aided the army and authorities with every kind of succor—not only have you deprived the enemy of every means of assuring his flight—but, like worthy rivals of the army in valor and enthusiasm, you, without cessation or fatigue, beset the pirates, encountering the dangers and sharing with the troops the labour and fatigues of a war at this season, and in one of the roughest parts of the island. Fortune has crowned your efforts and set the seal to your unequalled loyalty, one of you being the instrument of surrendering the traitor chief, as he fled, wandering and fearful of the just punishment that threatened him.

With the decision and enthusiasm of which you have now given so many and such distinguished proofs, with the generous patriotism which has impelled the merchants, proprietors and corporations of the Island to place their fortunes at the disposition of the Government—in fine, with that intimate union which subsists between the army and the people of all classes and conditions, a union cemented by the *loyalty and national feeling* which have immortalised the name of Spain, your tranquility is insured and the Queen of the Antilles will never cease to be Spanish; for, when a people repels those who assail its nationality as you have done there is no force sufficient to subjugate it. History offers us a palpitating example of the truth of this assertion in the memorable War of Independence. You have shown yourselves the worthy sons of those who then atonished the world with their valor and their constancy. Receive, therefore, my sincere and cordial felicitation, secure that your august Sovereign will learn with rejoicing this new proof of loyality given her by her *ever faithful Island of Cuba.*

JOSE DE LA CONCHA.

Havana, Aug. 31, 1851.

The Diario de la Marina denies that the bodies of the fifty who were shot at Havana suffered any mutilation or outrage at the hands of the rabble: it says that from their capture to their execution they were treated with the utmost consideration possible in their situation; that they were allowed to see their friends and wrote to their families; that after their execution the bodies were removed in hearses used by people in good circumstances, not in those appropriated to criminals; and even that the Government permitted some of the bodies to be removed, and allowed the opened letters they had upon them to be sent home; and that the population of the city on this occasion as on others, exhibited perfect respect for the authorities and for the bodies of those who had suffered by the law. Such is the statement of *The Diario*, made of course, under the direction of the Government.

The *Sun* gives the following account of the execution of Lopez, which differs somewhat from the above statement:

At the fatal hour Gen. Lopez was brought out, and ascended the platform with a firm step. His person was enveloped in a white shroud. The executioner then removed the shroud, and there stood the General in his full military uniform before the assembled multitude.

His appearance was calm, dignified and heroic. Not a muscle quivered. He looked upon the preparations for death unmoved; his countenance changed not, and his whole bearing was firm and manly.

The executioner now removed his embroidered coat, his sash, cravat, and all the insignia of his military rank, in token of disgrace.

General Lopez, with his hands tightly bound together in front, stepped forward, and in a strong, clear voice, slowly spoke to those around as follows:

"I pray the persons who have compromised me to pardon me as I pardon them.

"My death will not change the destinies of Cuba." [The executioner, standing a little behind, here interrupted him in an insulting tone, with "Come, be quick, be quick."]

General Lopez, turning his head partly around, fixed his eye on the man, and said sternly, griting his teeth, "Wait, sir." He then continued:

"Adieu, my beloved Cuba! Adieu, my brethren!" The General then stepped back, seated himself on the stool. A priest with the crucifix and taper stood on one side of him, the executioner on the other. The collar was then placed around the prisoner's neck. The priest now placed the crucifix between the General's hands, and just as he was in the act of inclining his head to kiss it, the executioner swung the fatal screw, and the head of the unfortunate man at the same instant dropped forward, touching the crucifix. He never moved again. There sat the body of one of the bravest men that ever drew breath, but a moment ago alive, now a ghastly corpse.

The execution was conducted in the most orderly manner, and in perfect silence. No shouting or any other exhibition of applause was manifest. Whether this was the result of the news from New Orleans, or the express orders of the Captain-General, is not known.

Immediately after the execution, General Lopez's body was taken down, and privately buried.

The *Mirror* has the following statement as that of an eye-witness of the execution:

We have conversed with a gentleman who stood within a few feet of Lopez at the time of his execution. He confirms the account of the bearing of the victim at the scaffold, and also describes the mode of death as being more instantaneous than hanging. Lopez mounted the platform with a firm step, dressed in white, looking haggard and sad beyond description. The life and soul of the man, was already gone before the executioner did his work. He was permitted to say a few words relating *to himself only*; and these were, in effect, that he 'forgave everybody and wished everybody to forgive him. That he died for his beloved Cuba.' He was then seated in a sort of chair, the collar was adjusted, and by the touching of a spring, the weight of two thousand pounds snapped the neck, and his hands, which he held clasped before him, fell upon his knees, the only motion that indicated death. His body remained four hours, until the face became entirely black, exposed to the burning heat of the sun, and the burning indignation of the multitude. From this eye-witness of the scene, we learn that the feeling of hatred against 'the pirates' was intense and universal among all classes; so much so, that even the negroes who lifted the bodies of the victims into the hearse, at Atares, handled them roughly; and this gave rise to all the horrible stories of *post mortem* insults and mutilations.

——COLOURED MEMBERS.—The whole number of coloured communicants in the Old School Presbyterian Church, is reported in the minutes of the Assembly as 7,668.

——RUNAWAYS.—Many slaves in Hampshire county Va., are making the present a season of a 'grand rush' towards Pennsylvania. The Cumberland Unionist says a large number have absconded from that vicinity within the last week, some of whom have been arrested, but the largest portion of them, we believe, have as yet evaded pursuit.

——A negro, convicted of a rape, at Columbus, (Geo.) having been pardoned by the governor, a mob broke open the jail, at noon of the 12th, dragged him through the streets, and hung him on a tree.

——A light-coloured mulatto boy, George Wells, 14 years old, has been enticed away from Milwaukee, Wis., and as the last heard of him and his abductor, they were going South, it is believed the latter's object was to sell him into Slavery.

——THE FREE NEGRO LAW OF DELAWARE.—Mrs. Davis, a coloured woman, was, during the past week, arrested in Wilmington, Delaware, for a violation of the law passed at the last session of the Legislature of that State, forbidding the immigration of free coloured persons. She was born in Delaware, and lived there for twenty years, but living in this city at the time the law was enacted, has, by her return, become liable to the penalty. She has been fined $50, and is required to find security that she will leave the State. She was arrested on information given by coloured women.

——CATHOLICISM AND SLAVERY.—*The Catholic Telegraph* claims that, while 650,563 slaves are owned by the various Protestant sects, not a Catholic bishop or priest in the country owns a single slave. On the other hand, *The Presbyterian of the West* affirms that slaves are held in several instances by Catholic religious societies at the South, which are under the control of the clergy; and that slaveholding is as common among the Roman Catholic laity, in proportion to their number as among Protestants. Reliable statics on this point would be very desirable.

——ABOLITIONISTS IN VIRGINIA—MURDER.—On the 14th instant, Alfred Bartlett, a citizen of Grayson county, Va., was murdered by slaves belonging to John Reeves, who also dangerously wounded John Clements. This sad affair is laid to the charge of Abolitionists, and we perceive that at a meeting of the citizens of Wythe county, they adopted resolutions to expel from Southwestern Virginia certain pretended missionaries from the free States, who, under the garb of religion, take every opportunity to disseminate abolition doctrines.—*Baltimore Clipper August* 28.

——DANIEL WEBSTER.—Our correspondent John Brown sends us a letter, from which we make the following extract:

"Charles Allen, M. C. from Worcester, Mass., has a complete list of the names of those who subscribed towards Mr. Webster's outfit for the State department, and also has another letter of Webster's which has not yet seen the light, and which convicts the great pensioner of all that Allen charged upon him in the last Congress."—*New York Post.*

——A SLAVE WHIPPED TO DEATH BY HIS MASTER.—The Winchester *Virginiah* gives the particulars of a horrid affair in Clarke county, Va., on Wednesday of last week. The result of it was that Col. James C——, and his son Stephen, were indicted on Monday last, for having cruelly and unmercifully beaten two slaves the Wednesday previous (causing the death of one of them) belonging to the former. They have been held to bail in the sum of $5,000 each. From the evidence of the principal witness, a white labourer, the negro was fastened up for punishment, by having his hands tied, and a chain put round his neck, thrown over a beam, and locked, just leaving sufficient length for the unfortunate object to stand upon the ground. He was then whipped with the tongue strap of a wagon, having a heavy buckle at the end, having been previously stripped, that the blows might be laid on the bare skin. After beating him in the most unprecedented manner for some time, they left him bound in the situation described, for the purpose of whipping his companion. The occurrence took place about sunset. A son of C. deposed that, about ten o'clock at night his father came into his house, and announced that the negro was dead. He had been left in the standing position in which he was whipped, and died in that way.

——KOSSUTH COMING TO NEW YORK.—The following official letter has been received by his Honour the Mayor, in relation to the sailing of Kossuth for New York:

LEGATION OF THE UNITED STATES,
CONSTANTINOPLE, Aug. 4th, 1851.

DEAR SIR:—As I believe it will interest you to know it from a reliable source, I do myself the honour and pleasure of informing you that since my arrival here, I have, in the absence of the Minister resident, received from the Turkish minister of foreign affairs, the formal and official assurance, in the name of H. I. M. the Sultan, that on the 1st of September next, (our 12th) M. Kossuth and all the refugees now at Kutaiah, in Asia Minor, will be liberated, and permitted to go where they please. M. K. has sent to this legation a declaration that he and his associates, with the exception of Count Bathyani and his lady, will proceed to the United States in the steamship Mississippi, which vessel, as you are aware, has been designated for the purpose of removing them there by the President. I learn that the Austrian Government is still protesting and will continue to protest against their release; yet I believe the Sultan's Government will act with firmness, and carry out His Majesty's generous and humane intent. I consequently suppose that as the Hon. Secretary of State has directed M. Kossuth to be conveyed to New York, you may expect him there in the latter part of the month of October. M. K., still entertaining the highest opinion of our country and of its Government, will land upon our shores the warm advocate of the institutions which have rendered the United States so prosperous and so happy.

I have the honour to remain, dear sir, respectfully,
Yours truly, JOHN P. BROWN.
To His Honour, the Mayor.

——MIRACULOUS ESCAPE OF JUDGE CONKLING.—Under this head the *Buffalo Republic* says:

"Our readers will be rejoiced to learn of the escape of this learned and benevolent gentleman from an untimely end. It will be in the recollection of our readers that Mr. Commissioner Smith, at the conclusion of the hearing of the fugitive case, made the following emphatic declaration:

"That slave shall go back to Kentucky to his master according to my decision, and if any one dare to oppose that decision he shall be shot down!"

"The danger, we need scarcely say, was imminent, but the Judge, we are delighted to learn, absolutely escaped from the city with a whole skin, notwithstanding many attempts on the parts of the patriots to 'blow him up.'"

——A NEW POLITICAL PARTY.—We find in the *Abendzeitung* the programme of a new party which has sprung or is about to spring into existence. It is called "the platform of the German Free Soil Democracy of New York," which party is to be organized at a mass meeting of the "Men of Political and Social Progress," which is called for Thursday next at some place not stated. The programme is divided into two parts: the first, on national politics, goes to give the public lands in limited quantities to actual settlers, the State, however, still remaining their sole proprietor; for the abolition of the Fugitive Slave Law, the admission of no more slave States or Territories, against a United States Bank and all monopolizing corporations, for free trade, but with the maintenance of the tariff as a means of protection against other commercial nations, for the improvement of harbours and rivers by Congress, for the building of the Pacific railroad by the nation, and for the election by the people of all the officers of the Federal Government. In respect of State Politics, the programme is for universal suffrage without distinction of colour; direct election of all officers by the people; submission of all important measures to popular vote; for the passage of laws authorizing and regulating the turning out of office by the people of a representative or other officer who hasn't come up to the mark; amendment of the homestead exemption law; equal taxation and exemption of the poor; extension and improvement of the school law; abolition of the death penalty; improvement of the State prison, and abolition of the cellular system; limitation of the hours of labour to 10 or 8 hours for adults, and 5 for children; encouragement and incorporation of industrial associations with the same character, rights and privileges as other commercial and manufacturing corporations; in the letting of public works such associations to have the preference.

—Such are the principal points in the creed of this new party. Some of them are first rate. The title of a *German* Democracy seems to us a mistake. The authors of the programme do not sign their names.—*Tribune.*

——STAMPEDE OF SLAVES.—The papers of the Eastern Shore record the sudden disappearance of a number of slaves. Three men belonging to Mr. Wm. H. De Courcey, of Wye Neck, Queen Anne's county, ran off on the night of the 14th inst.; he offers $500 for their arrest. Three servants, belonging, one to Mr John W. Battie, one to Mr. John Harris, and the other to Mr. Spedden Orem, of Talbot county, disappeared on Saturday night last, taking with them two horses belonging to Morris G. Colston, Esq., and one to Mr. Battie. Mr. Colston pursued, but succeeded only in recovering the horses.—*Baltimore Clipper.*

——ABOLITION OF SLAVERY BY PORTUGAL.—Advices from Lisbon of the 9th July, received by the America, state that the Portuguese Government was preparing to decree the entire extinction of Slavery in its possessions, as also more stringent measures for suppressing the traffic gradually on the Coast of Africa.

——BOWEN & MCNAMEE.—We are happy to learn that the manly firmness of these gentlemen, who, in spite of the Union Safety Committee, "have kept their goods but not their principles" for sale, has met with its reward, and has the respect of the very class whose hostility it was the object of rival silk dealers to provoke against them. Even southern merchants prefer to buy of a house whose yea is yea and whose nay is nay, and who have principles to which they are more attached than to their business customers. We have reason to know that their course has re-acted in their favour at the south, and has been rather serviceable to them than otherwise, in freeing them from the solicitation of that class of buyers in the south who have more brass than silver at their command, and in securing to them the custom of those who do business upon sound business principles, and will buy where they can buy cheapest.—*Post.*

——HENRY WARD BEECHER.—A correspondent of the Hartford *Republican*, writing from North Killingly, Ct., Aug. 23d, who has just been listening to the eloquence of the Rev. Henry W. Beecher, thus speaks of him:

"He is not afraid to denounce the Fugitive Slave law as infamous. He said Judas was not the worst man that ever lived, by any means; that there are many at the present day who, if they had an opportunity, would sell *Christ* for a less sum than Judas received. 'Yes,' said he, 'they will sell themselves for a sixpence, and the purchaser gets cheated at that.' 'Think you,' said he, 'that those who, in our own country, sell daily in the market to the highest bidder, the image of their Maker, would not have sold Christ had they been in Judas' place? I tell you there are many Judases in our day.'"

——CASSIUS M. CLAY.—We learn by a private letter from a most intelligent and liberal Kentuckian, that the whole number of votes at the last election, for the brave and eloquent Cassius M. Clay, was about 3500. In his own county Mr. Clay received 670 votes. Our correspondent regards this result as highly encouraging, considering the inherent difficulties of the movement, the influence of old party organizations, and the violent misrepresentations by the *Whig* press of Mr. Clay's views. His Maine letter was represented as threatening Insurrection and Revolution—a most gross perversion of its meaning.

The following extract from our friend's letter will be read with interest:—"It is estimated that fifteen or twenty thousand voters staid away from the polls. This shows great dissatisfaction with the old parties. I believe nine-tenths of those who staid away are emancipationists, who are looking on to see the drift of things. The elections show the breaking up of the great deep of old partyism here. The Democratic Governor is elected for the first time in twenty years. Even the Ashland district goes against the Whigs! There are five Democratic Congressmen, four Whigs and one Independent Whig. I mention these things to show that Slavery is the disturbing cause of old partyism every where, and to suggest that the time is near, if not now, when there will be only two parties. One for Liberty and Union—the other for base submission to the Slave Power, to the Enslavement of the Whites or the Dissolution of the Union.—*Boston Commonwealth.*

Receipts for the Standard.

FROM AUGUST 1ST TO SEPTEMBER 1ST 1851.

520	J. Johnson, Boston, Mass.	2 00
624	Warren Delano, Fairhaven, Mass.	6 00
624	Joseph Post, North Hempstead, N. Y.	4 00
577	Peter Wilson, New York City.	0 50
576	Benjamin Dexter, New-Bedford, Mass

Miscellany.

THE JEWS IN CHINA.

THERE is a quaintness in the notion of a Jewish colony surrounded by Chinese; the fixed among the fixed. The fact that such a colony exists, or has existed when found, ought to be especially remarked, for to ethnologists and others it may prove a valuable opportunity for speculation. Jews in China, what will they be like? will the Jew stand out from the surrounding uniformity of Chinese life, like the one tree of the desert (for which, see Panorama of Overland Mail, and hear lecture upon same); or will he become a non-entity, like among like, adding nothing to the first idea—silence in a calm? In the Jewish synagogue of Kai-foung-fou, concerning which we have presently to speak, there are Chinese inscriptions. The first placed there in 1444, by a literary Jew, is intended to prove the close analogy between Jewish and Chinese points of doctrine. "The author," it says, "of the law of Yse-lo-ye (Israel) is Ha-von-lo-hon (Abraham). His law was translated by tradition to Nichè (Moses). He received his book on Mount Sinai. His book has fifty-four sections. The doctrine which is therein contained, is much like that of the Kings" (which are sacred volumes of the Chinese). The author of the inscription repeats many passages to prove that in their worship to heaven, their ceremonies, their behaviour to the old and young, their patriarchal character, their prayers, and their mode of honouring dead ancestors, the Jews resemble the Chinese.

The author of a second inscription, a grand mandarin in his own time speaks to the same purpose. "From the time of Han," says this gentleman, whose name is Too-tang, "from the time of Han, the Jews fixed themselves in China: and in the twentieth year of the cycle 65 (which is, by interpretation, 1163), they offered to the Emperor Hiao-tsong a tribute of cloth from India. He received them well, and permitted them to live in Kai-fong-fou. They formed then sixty-six families. They built a synagogue where they placed their Kings, or Divine Scriptures." This mandarin concludes with an eulogium of Jewish virtue, after the approved manner of epitaphs.

The Jews emphatically cultivated agriculture, commerce, were faithful in the armies, upright as magistrates, and rigid in observance of their ceremonies. One only wants to wind up with the scrap. "Affliction sore, long time they bore;" but affliction on account of the Chinese, at any rate, they certainly did not bear; they were more than tolerated, they were understood; ceremony-men to ceremony-men were ceremoniously polite to one another. The Jews and Chinese even intermarried; on their first introduction by way of Persia to the Chinese Empire, they had settled here and there in sundry Chinese cities; but by marriage with Chinese disciples of Confucius or Mahomet, the Jewish colonies were melted down into the pure Chinese metal: and when this history begins, nothing is known of any synagogue in China, save the synagogue of Kai-foung-fou, which is a city in the heart of the Flowery Land, the capital of the central province of Honan; and for an account of which we are indebted to Father Ricci, one of the Jesuit Missionaries.

Father Ricci died in the year 1610, at Pekin, which was his station. Father Ricci, at Pekin, first heard of the Jewish synagogue at Kai-foung-fou, and the information startled him exceedingly. The young Jew who enlightened Father Ricci on the subject told him that there were then at Xai-foung-fou barely a dozen Jewish families, and that for five or six hundred years they had preserved in their synagogue a very ancient copy of the Pentateuch. The father produced a Hebrew Bible, and the young man recognised the characters, although he could not read them, for he knew no language but Chinese. Four years after this, Father Ricci (whose business at Pekin would not permit him to go gadding) had an opportunity of sending off to Kai-foung-fou a Chinese Jesuit, with a letter written in Chinese, to the chief of the synagogue. He explained to the rabbi his own reverence for the books of the Old Testament, and informed him of its fulfilled predictions, and the advent of a Messiah. The rabbi shook his head at that, saying, "that so it could not be, because they had yet to expect the Messiah for ten thousand years." The good-natured rabbi nevertheless did homage to Father Ricci's great abilities. He was an old man, and saw none about him fit to guide his people; he therefore besought the learned Jesuit to come to Kai-foung-fou, and undertake the guidance of the synagogue, under one only condition, a true Chinese-Jewish one, that he would pledge himself to abstinence from all forbidden meats. However, that was very much as if Dr. Jones of Bettws-y-Coed should offer his practice to Sir B. Brodie of London. Father Ricci had a large work in hand, and so he stopped at Pekin.

In 1613, Father Aleni (such an uncommonly wise man, that the Chinese called him the Confucius of Europe) was directed to proceed to Kai-foung-fou, and make investigation. Father Aleni, being well up in his Hebrew, was a promising man to send on such an errand, but he found the rabbi dead, and the Jews, though they let him see the synagogue, would not produce their books. The particulars of nothing having been done on this occasion are to be found related by Father Trigaut, in choice Latin, and choicer Italian (*de Expedit. Sinica, lib.* 1., *cap.* 2, *p.* 118), and by Father Samedo (*Relatione della China, part* 1., *cap.* 30, *p.* 193).

A residence was established by the Jesuits in Kai-foung-fou. *Now*, thought those who thought at all upon such matters, we shall have something done. If we can only compare our Old Testament texts with an ancient exemplar, that will be no small gain. A certain Father Gozani went zealously into the whole subject, entered the synagogue, copied the inscriptions, and transmitted them to Rome.

The Jews told Father Gozani that in a temple at Pekin was a large volume, wherein were inscribed the sacred books of foreigners resident in China. That volume was sought afterwards by Europeans at Pekin, but not found. Certainly, such a volume does exist among the Chinese records. The Jews, however, told Father Gozani not only about what existed at Pekin, but all about themselves at Kai-foung-fou. The father wrote a letter, dated 1704, containing what he learned in this manner. It appears that by that application of "soft sawder" which is or ought to be well understood by men of the world and Jesuits, the father gratified the Jews, so that they paid him voluntary visits. He returned their visits by a call upon them at their synagogue, where, he says—"I had a long conversation with them; and they showed me their inscriptions; some of which are in Chinese, and others in their own tongue. I saw also their *Kims*, or religious books, and they suffered me to enter even the most secret place of their synagogue, to which they can have no access themselves. That place is reserved for their *Chan-Kiao*; that is to say, chief of the synagogue, who never approaches it but with the most profound respect.

"There were thirteen tabernacles placed upon tables, each of which was surrounded by small curtains. The sacred *Kim* of Moses (the Pentateuch) was shut up in each of these tabenacles, twelve of which represented the Twelve Tribes of Israel; and the thirteenth, Moses. The books were written on long pieces of parchment, and folded up on rollers. I obtained leave from the chief of the synagogue to draw the curtains of one of these tabernacles, and to unroll one of the books, which appeared to me to be written in a hand exceedingly neat and distinct. One of these books had been luckily saved from the great inundation of the river *Hoang-ho*, which overflowed the city Kai-foung-fou, the capital of the province. As the letters of the book have been wetted; and on that account are almost effaced, the Jews have been at great pains to get a dozen copies made, which they carefully preserve in the twelve tabenacles above mentioned.

"There are to be seen also in two other places of the synagogue, coffers in which are shut up with great care several other little books, containing different divisions of the Pentateuch of Moses, which they call *Ta-Kim*, and other parts of their law. They use these books when they pray; they showed me some of them, which appeared to be written in Hebrew. They were partly new and partly old, and half torn. They, however, bestow as much attention on guarding them as if they were gold or silver.

"In the middle of the synagogue stands a magnificent chair, raised very high, and ornamented with a beautiful embroidered cushion. This is the Chair of Moses, in which every Saturday, and days of great solemnity, they place their Pentateuch, and read some portions of it. There also may be seen a *Van-sui-pai*, or painting, on which is inscribed the Emperor's name; but they have neither statues nor images. This synegogue fronts the west, and when they address their prayers to the Supreme Being, they turn towards that quarter, and adore him under the name of *Tien, Cham-tien. Cham-ti*, and *Kao-van-voe-tche*; that is to say, *Creator of all things*; and lastly, of *Van-voe-tchu-tcai, Governor of the Universe*. They told me that they had taken these names from the Chinese books, and that they used them to express the Supreme Being and First Cause.

"In going out from the synagogue, I observed a hall, which I had the curiosity to enter, but I found nothing remarkable in it, except a number of censers. They told me that in this hall they honoured their *Chim-gins*, or the great men of their law. The largest of these censers, which is intended for the the Patriarch Abraham, stands in the middle of the hall, after which come those of Isaac, and of Jacob, and his twelve branches, or the Twelve Tribes of Israel: next are those of Moses, Aaron, Joshua, Esdras, and several other Illustrious persons, both male and female.

"After quitting this apartment, they conducted us to the Hall of Strangers, in order to give us an entertainment. As the titles of the books of the Old Testament were printed in Hebrew at the end of my Bible, I showed them to the *Chom-Kiao*, or chief of the synagogue; he immediately read them, though they were badly printed, and he told me that they were the names of their *Chim-Kim*, or Pentateuch. I then took my Bible, and the *Cham-Kiao* took his *Beresith* (thus they name the Book of Genesis); we compared the descendants of Adam, until Noah, with the age of each, and we found the most perfect conformity between both. We afterwards ran over the names and chronology in Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, and Deuteronomy, which compose the Pentateuch, or five books of Moses. The chief of the synagogue told me that they named these five books *Beresith, Vestesemoth, Vaiiora, Vaiedabber, and Haddebarim*, and that they divided them into fifty-three volumes; viz., Genesis into twelve, Exodus into eleven, and the three following books into ten volumes each, which they call *Kuen*. Some of these they opened, and presented to me to read; but it was to no purpose, as I was unacquainted with the Hebrew language.

"Having interrogated them respecting the titles of the other books of the Bible, the chief of the synagogue replied, that they were in possession of some of them, but that they wanted a great many, and of others they had no knowledge. Some of his assistants added, that they had lost several books in the inundation of the Hoang-ho, of which I have spoken."

"Father Gozani has spoken of the inundation, but we have not, and so we will do so now. Previously however, we may call attention to the distinct adoption of the Chinese "Hall of Ancestors," among these Jews, and of a place for showing hospitality to strangers as an appendage to their place of worship. It is in this way that, without violating their own opinions, they became assimilated more completely to their neighbours. Father Gozani also notes that their accounts of sacred history were grossly disfigured with Talmudical legends, or other stories of that class—a fact not to be lost sight of by the speculator. The Jews, in the time of Father Gozani, composed seven families—Phao, Kin, Che, Kao, The-Man, Li, Ngai—including in all about one thousand souls. They intermarried with each other, and had their own fashion of hair-cutting. These seven families of Kai-foung-fou were the remains of seventy who had of old established themselves in that capital. Now for the inundation. That event took place in the year 1642, and it occurred as follows:—Li-coong-tse, a rebel, with a big army besieged the city. The inhabitants, after defending themselves for six months, still refused to succumb, because they expected rescue from the Emperor. The Emperor did come, a vastly clever fellow, who determined to destroy the enemy by a great master-stroke. "I'll drown every man-jack ?" he said, and broke the dykes that confined the Hoang-ho, or Yellow River, a league distant from the city. Out poured the stream and drowned the besiegers, and besieged the city in its turn, knocked down its walls, and destroyed thirty thousand of its inmates. The Emperor, a cockney sportsman on the largest scale, shot at the pigeon and killed the crow. It was in this inundation that the number of the Jews was thinned; diluted by the waters of the river, their Pentateuch was damaged and some other portions of their scripture altogether lost.

Before passing down from Father Gozeni, we must extract his rough picture of the Jewish synagogue, as it existed in his day. He says of the Jews:

"They have no other synagogue but this, in the capital of the province of Ho-Nan. I perceived in it no altar, nor any other furniture, but the chair of Moses, with a censer, a long table, and large chandeliers, in which were placed candles made of tallow. This synagogue has some resemblance to our European churches; it is divided into three aisles; that in the middle is occupied by the table of incense, the chair of Moses, the painting, and the tabernacles already mentioned, in which are preserved the thirteen copies of the Pentateuch. These tabernacles are constructed in the form of an arch, and the middle aisle is like the choir of the synagogue; the two others are set apart as places of prayer, and for the adoration of the Supreme Being. Within the building there is a passage which runs quite round.

"As there formerly were, and still are, among them Bachelors and *Kien-sens*, which is a degree different from that of a Bachelor. I, took the liberty of asking them if they rendered homage to Confucius; they replied, that they honoured him in the same manner as the rest of the literati, and that they assisted them in solemn ceremonies, which are performed in halls dedicated to their great men.—They added, that in spring and autumn they practised certain rites in honour of their ancestors, according to the manner of Chinese, in the hall next to their synagogue: that they did not present them the flesh of hogs, but of other animals; that in other ceremonies they were contented with offering them porcelain dishes filled with dainties and sweetmeats, which they accompanied with perfumes and profound reverences or prostrations. I asked them, likewise, if in their houses or Hall of Ancestors, they had tablets in honour of their departed relations; they replied, that they used neither tablets, images, nor anything else, but only a few censers. We must, however, except their mandarins, for whom alone they place in the Hall of Ancestors a tablet inscribed with their name and rank."

Father Gozani adds, that "these Jews, in their inscriptions, call their law the Law of Israel, *Yselals-Kiao*, which they name also *Ksn-Kiao*, Ancient Law *Tien-Kiao*, Law of God, and *Tien-Kin-Kiao*, to signify that they abstain from blood, and cut the nerves and veins of the animals they kill, in order that the blood may flow more easily from them."

This custom gives to the Jews in China, at the present day, the name of Cut-Nerves. To the present day our story now descends; for, after the time of Father Gozani, blank follows in the way of action. Father Etienne, who meditated a work upon the Sacred Scriptures in reply to the *Critici Sacri*, was eager to push on investigations. From the letter of Father Gozani, and from those which Father Domingo and Gambil wrote upon it, material was obtained for the memoir published under the direction of M. L. Aime Martin, in which he remarks that the detail would be regarded with the more curiosity, as it had been often demanded, and as Father du Halde had contented himself with merely promising it in his great work, "Description de la Chine." So we have fairly got out of the past into the present, where our story thus runs on.

In the year 1815, the Chinese Jews endeavoured unsuccessfully to communicate with Europe by means of a Hebrew letter addressed to London, which seems not to have been delivered. Last year the Jewish Society of London determined, however, to communicate with them. Miss Cooks, an energetic and devoted Jewess, placed her purse in the hands of the Society; nothing impeded fresh research; the English Bishop at Hong Kong co-operated; Dr. Medhurst was consulted, and two Chinese Christians were at length appointed to proceed to Kai-foung-fou. The elder of these two was a bachelor: the younger was a student from the Missionaries' College at Batavia; but the junior was named to head the enterprise, because he had previously displayed zeal and ability, and also because he could write English fluently, and would journalise in that language. His journals, therefore, could be laid before Miss Cooks, uninjured by translation.

Our heroes—for so we will call the two adventurers—set out from Shanghae, on the 15th of last November, by boat to Toing-kiang-tou. In a car, drawn by mules, they were then jolted along, following the track of the Hoang-ho, rising at three o'clock on winter mornings, to save time—a proceeding which involves almost supererogatory self-denial.—Population near the Yellow River they found rare and unhealthy. Localities which figure in the geographical charts of the empire as principal places, or as towns of the second class, are but huge piles of rubbish, surrounded by crumbling walls. Here and there a gate, with its inscription half effaced, informs the traveller that he is entering a mighty town.

Perseverance, and a mule car, brought the travellers at last to Kai-foung-fou. They found there many Mahometans, openly exercising right of conscience, and flying their religion on a flag displayed over their gate. These Mahometans are, for the most part, hotel-keepers, and with one of them our heroes lodged. Of him they began asking about Cut-Nerves. Mine host of the Crescent said there were still some Jews in Kai-foung-fou, and offered himself as cicerone to their synagogue. Thither they went; they found its outer walls in ruins; briars and dirt filled the grand entrance; "the pillars of the building, the inscribed marbles, the stone balustrade, before the peristyle of the temple, the ornamental sculpture—all were cracked, broken, and overturned." Under the wings of the synagogue, the chapels built in honour of the patriarchs—nestled together, cold and naked, sleeping on the bare stones, those objects of our European interest, "the Jews in China." Poor and miserable as they are, they had begun to sell the stones of their temple for bread, and a portion of land within their sacred enclosure had been already sold to an adjacent temple of the Buddhists.

Still there were the cylinders enclosing the sacred rolls of the Old Testament, which, luckily, had not proved eatable. In number these rolls were about a dozen, each thirty feet long by three feet wide.—They are of white sheep-skin, inscribed with very small Hebrew characters.

For fifty years these poor Jews have been without the guidance of a rabbi, and there is not one left who can read a word of Hebrew. In a dozen years, probably, the last trace of the Jews in China will expire. The travellers gave money to the mournful congregation in the synagogue, and received leave to copy the inscriptions, about which the Jesuits had previously informed us. Moreover, they obtained, and have brought home, eight Hebrew manuscripts, six contain portions of the Old Testament; namely, of Exodus, chapters 1–6 and 38–40; of Leviticus, chapters 19. 20; of Numbers, chapters 13. 14, 15; of Deuteronomy, chapters 11—16, and chapter 32; with portions of the Pentateuch, the Psalms and Prophets. The other two manuscripts are of the Jewish Liturgy. The leaves of these manuscripts "are of a species of card-board, on which the words, as it were are engraved with a point; the binding is in silk, and bears evident marks of being of foreign origin. Two Israelitish merchants, to whom these books were shown at Shanghae, spoke to having seen similar ones at Aden, and the presence here and there upon the margins of Persian words, interspersed with Hebrew annotations, seemed to indicate that the books came originally from some western country of Asia, perhaps Persia, or some of the high provinces of India, where Persic has from time immemorial been the language used among people of education. Although the annotations mentioned are numerous, and apparently referring to different epochs, no trace of any Chinese character is to be discovered, nor any of those marks or signs which immediately betray Chinese origin. No date exists by which the age can be determined."

We hope the statement is correct which tells us that these manuscripts are to be deposited in the British Museum. Fac-similes are at the same time promised, printed in Hebrew, accompanied with a plan of the synagogue, made on the spot by the Chinese travellers, and the journal of our junior hero, written in English and Chinese. The journal in English would not be a very ponderous affair, the entire expedition having occupied only two months; the residence of Kai-foung-fou, five days. We may usefully remember how the good Chinese, rising so fearfully betimes, did justice to the generosity and zeal of their patroness. Are there not men of might at work upon investigations for the public, who, at their ordinary rate, might have come to abandon this business in forty years, after eliminating fifty pounds of blue book?—*Dickens' Household Words.*

SALOMON DE CAUS IN THE BEDLAM OF PARIS.

THE very effective wood engraving of this subject, we present to our readers this month, is from an original picture by Jacques Lecurieux. This painting appeared in the Louvre in 1845, and was the subject of general admiration as a work of art. During the exhibition, it became an object of universal attention, for the interesting history it perpetuates of that invention or discovery which has since made steam so useful an agent in the economy of the civilized world.

From private memoirs of the French Court, we find that, in 1641, an English nobleman, Edward Somerset, Marquis of Worcester, being in Paris, was accompanied by the celebrated Marion Delorme while visiting the various places of curiosity and interest in that great metropolis. To the correspondence of that lady, history is indebted for the only authentic account of the interview with De Caus, from whom the Marquis of Worcester learned the theory of steam-power, and afterwards published it, in 1663, as his own discovery, in a work entitled "A Century of inventions."

The following translations of a letter, from Marion Delorme to the Marquis de Cinq Mars, contains a very explicit account of the interview between De Caus and Worcester, and furnishes the text from which Lecurieux designed his picture:

February 3, 1641.

MY DEAR D'EFFIAT: While you forget me at Narbonne, and are giving yourself up to the pleasures of the court, and the joy of meeting Monsieur the Cardinal, I following your wish, do the honours of Paris to your English lord, the Marquis of Worcester, and lead him, or rather he leads me, from one object of curiosity to another, choosing always the saddest and most serious, and fixing his large blue eyes on those he questions, as if to penetrate their inmost thoughts. To speak farther of him: he is never contented with the explanations given, and never regards objects in the same light with those who show them to him. For instance, a visit that we made together to the Bicetre, where he pretends to have discovered a man of genius in a lunatic! If this maniac had not been raging mad, I verily believe the Marquis would have demanded his liberty, and taken him to London, there to hear his follies from morning till night. As we crossed the lunatic quarters, and I more dead than alive with fear, leaned on my companion, an ugly face showed itself behind great bars, and commenced crying in a broken voice. "*I am not mad! I have made a discovery which will enrich any country that puts it in operation.*"

"And what is the discovery?" said I to the man who acted as guide.

"Ah!" said he shrugging his shoulders, "something very simple, and what you could never guess,—it is the employment of the vapour of boiling water."

I commenced laughing.

"This man," continued he, "is named Salomon de Caus. He came from Normandy, four years since, to present to the notice of the king a treatise on the marvellous effect that can be obtained by his invention,—that is, by steam to propel machines, drive carriages, and do, for aught I know, a thousand other miracles. The Cardinal dismissed the madman without an audience; but Salomon de Caus instead of being discouraged, commenced following Monseigneur the Cardinal everywhere,; until he, tired of finding him at his heels, and importuned by his follies, ordered him to be shut up in the Bicetre, where he has now been three years and a half, and where, as you have heard, he cries to every stranger that he is not mad, and that he has made a wonderful discovery. He has even written, to prove this, a book, which, I have here."

My Lord Worcester, who had been all attention, demanded the book, and, after having read some pages in it, said, "This man is not mad; and in my country, instead of imprisoning him, they would have heaped riches and honour on him!—Lead me to him."

They did so; but he returned sad and pensive.

"He is now, in truth, crazy," said he; "misfortune and captivity have deprived him of reason; you have made him mad; and when you threw him into that cell, you shut up the greatest genius of the age!"

After this, we left; and since that time the Marquis has continually spoken of Salomon de Caus.

Farewell, my beloved and faithful Henry; return soon, and in the happiness you now enjoy let there be still some love left for your own

MARION DELORME.

The authenticity of this letter is beyond a doubt, as it was found among the effects of *Henry Coiffier de Ruge d'Effiat*, Marquis de Cinq Mars, who, for suspected court intrigues was beheaded at Lyons in 1642, only one year after the date of this interesting letter from the celebrated woman, to whom it was said, he had been secretly married.

The artist has treated this subject in a very masterly style. The scene is well chosen, the grouping admirable, and the tableaux beautifully designed. The composition is original and could not be improved. The head of De Caus is finely conceived, contrasting nobly with the various expressions of the lunatics around. The figures of the Marquis and his lovely companion are highly characteristic of the courtly elegance of that luxurious age. We feel indebted to M Lecurieux for the conception of such a work of Art, the embodiment and execution of which have served to awaken a most absorbing interest in the mournful story of poor De Caus.

We may easily believe that Richelieu denied De Caus an audience with the king. The wily Cardinal had diplomatic schemes enough to employ all the money in his treasury, without assisting a man whose theory, even if correct, would call for additional expenditures. But we can find no excuse for the incarceration of poor Salomon de Caus.

It is difficult to conceive a more melancholy fate than his. We can imagine the feelings, the aspirations of a man of genius—of an author—for, he had already published as early as the year 1615, a work entitled, "*Les Raisons des forces mouvantes; avec diverses machines, tant utiles que plaisantes*:"—leaving his provincial home for the great city of Paris, filled with the enthusiasm that had sustained him

"Through long days of labour,
And nights devoid of ease,"

while he had pursued these researches and experiments which finally produced the most successful result that ever crowned the efforts of a student. What disappointment he must have endured when the haughty Cardinal refused him access to the king, and laughed at that treatise in which were embodied the imperishable ideas that had been carefully sifted from the harvest of thought, in which he had spent the strength and vigour of his entire manhood! How different from the bright promise of his dreams, was the realization! Instead of open-handed courtesy and generous co-operation, he found repulse and disrespect in place of a chamber with his sovereign, and interview with the congregated savans of the realm, he received a cell in the Bicetre, and the companionship of madmen! And this, too in Paris! Paris that capital of a country which could at that time already boast of such names as Calvin, Servetus, Ramus, Descartes, Montaigne, Pascal and Bossuet.

We need not look to France alone for instances of national neglect towards theories and inventions too grand and magnificent for the comprehension of the age! Fitch and Fulton are names

"That call, when brimmed our festal cup,
A nation's glory, and her shame,
In silent sadness up!"

True, our Government did not cast them into a Bedlam. But it is equally true, that it did not encourage them! Was not the first named of these twins of a kindred genius allowed to drag out a miserable existence, amid the doubts and contumelies of our own citizens? Have they not left his remains beside the waters of the Ohio, with no monument save the wild flowers about his grave—no requiem save the monotonous sound of her perpetual flow? Yet, even now, though unforeseen that neglected spot has become his most appropriate resting place. His prophecy is fulfilled. Each day, each night, at all hours, great argosies, that put to shame the fleet of Xerxes, pass and repass that shore: one continual procession keeping eternal music with stentorian voices through iron valves, and charming far echo with the constant chime of passing bells!

And poor imprisoned Salomon de Caus! Does not his memory share in the glory of every invention to which the power of steam is applied? Had he foretold one-half his mind foresaw—the steamers on the Indian and Egyptian seas—the rival navies, regardless of wind or tide, between Dover and Calais—the floating palaces upon our own broad lakes and rivers—the railway on the mountain top—the richly freighted car—beside the miner, far down within earth's mineral caves:—had he foretold but these, then might they have called him "*madman!*"

And even now, in this middle of the nineteenth century, there may be in our very midst, other men who, like De Caus, meet doubt and disregard for the bright offerings they bring to the shrine of science! Galileo, Columbus, and De Caus were each obliged to wear those chains which ignorance ever forges around the limbs of the sleeping giant Truth but which on his awaking, are parted and cast away like shreds of flax.—*Sartain's Magazine.*

EPISODES OF INSECT LIFE. SECOND SERIES—SUMMER.*

IF the eyes of the little creatures of the air ever become sufficiently schooled and vigourous to read the printed text of books on which they alight in their wanderings, we fancy one of the first books they would take to would be this very book about themselves. If they should extend their survey through the Trade, and learn how good subjects are oftentimes thrown away upon bad paper, and how frequently the style is disproportioned or altogether *mal-apropos* (we presume these little travelled gentlemen understand French, of course), the wondrous elephant, for instance, being treated of on thin paper in the common Natural Histories, and flowers in coloured volumes painted with a house-painter's brush, these insects would take it as a very delicate compliment to their own graceful demeanour and elegance of habit, that Mr. Redfield has presented them so smoothly, so neatly, and with counterfeits of their own appearance, in the illustrations, almost as light and dainty as themselves.

If to break butterflies on wheels is held to be a rude employment, we shall not certainly bring ourselves under a more comprehensive censure by attempting criticism of a book which treats of the whole tribe of moths, lady-birds, and glow-worms.—As we do not in rambling the fields ask to have their various buzzings, tickings, whirrings, whizzings, and lullabies interpreted to us, but are content to let them speak for themselves, we shall deal in the same spirit by their gentle historian, and let him tell his own story in his own way, in his delicious chapter of

INSECT MINSTRELSY.

"'Sounds inharmonious in themselves and harsh,
Yet heard in scenes where peace for ever reigns,
And only there—please highly for their sake.

"'A populous solitude of bees and birds,
And fairy-formed, and many-coloured things,
Who worship [Him] with notes more sweet than words,
And innocently open their glad wings,
Fearless and full of life.'

'IF measured by their influence on the mind, those simple notes of harmony or discord produced by many of the insect race, are of no mean importance in the scale of sounds. Their power must certainly, however, be attributed rather to associate ideas than to any intrinsic excellence in the sounds themselves, which, by means of such borrowed attributes, have often indeed acquired a character and exercised an influence directly opposite to their own inherent qualities. It accords not with our plan to say much of insect foreigners, whether musical or mute; but we may cite, as the earliest and one of the most striking examples of what we mean, the song of the classic Cicada or Tettix—the *Tree*-hopper; by a misnomer, the *Grass-hopper* of the ancients. This was the Insect Ministrel to whom the Locrians erected a statue; some say for very love and honour of its harmony; others, as a grateful record of a certain victory obtained in a musical contest, solely by its aid. The story goes, that on one of these occasions, two harp strings of the Locrian candidate being snapt asunder in the ardour of competition, a Cicada lighting at the moment on the injured instrument, more than atoned for its deficiencies, and achieved, by its well-timed assistance, the triumph of the player.

"Thus highly was this insect's song accounted of, even at a period when 'music, heavenly maid,' could scarcely be considered 'young,' yet as various species of Cicadæ have been described by modern travellers one can hardly suppose that any better quality than shrilly loudness can have belonged to the Tettix of ancient Greece.

"We are told, indeed, by Madame Merian, that an insect of a similar description was called the Lyre-player by the Dutch in Surinam. The notes of a Brazilian species have been likened to the sound of a vibrating wire; and those of another, in the swamps of North America, to the ringing of horse-bells. Similitudes these of sounds sufficiently agreeable; but contrasted therewith, and almost drowning them, come the discordant comparisons of numerous other travellers respecting the same or insects of an allied species. One is called, by Dr. Shaw, 'an impertinent creature, stunning the ear with shrill, ungrateful squalling.' The noise of a species in Java is described by Thumberg as shrill and piercing as the notes of a trumpet; while Smeathman speaks of another, common in Africa, which emits so loud a sound as to be heard at the distance of half a mile, or, when introduced into the house, to silence by its song the voices of a whole company. The mighty 'waits' of the Fulgora, or Great Lantern Fly of Guyana, an insect not of the same but an allied family, has also obtained the name of 'Scare-sleep,'—its din being likened to the sound of razor-grinding.

"On the whole, therefore, it would appear pretty clearly that loudness is the main characteristic of the Cicada's song. Yet when we recognise, in this minstrel, the 'Anacreontic Grasshopper,' the 'Son of Phœbus,' the 'Favourite of the Muses,' the 'Nightingale of the Nymphs,' the 'Emblem of Perpetual Youth and Joy,' the 'Prophet of the Summer,' we no longer marvel that its notes, however harsh, should have sounded melodious even in the ear of the polished Athenian.

"To descend to present times and native performers, first, there is our own familiar and representative, the Hearth Cricket, for whose crinking chirp even *we* can scarcely challenge much intrinsic merit, yet do we regard it as a song, and a merry one; and why? because the faggot always crackles, and the kettle sings, if not in actual, in imaginative chorus.

"In like manner the music of the cricket's country cousin (of the field), or that of the Grasshopper, though designated by some, of more critical ear than pleasant temperament, 'a disagreeable crink,' can never grate harshly upon either ear or heart which are in themselves attuned to nature's harmonies; for to these, as it rises from the dewy ground, it assumes the tone of an evening hymn of happiness, mingled in memory if not in hearing with evening bells and the shouts of emancipated village children. For the revival, doubtless, of some such associate memories, even the grave Spaniard is said to keep these insects after the manner of birds of song; and those that like it may do the same in England; Gilbert White assuring us, on trial of the experiment, that the field cricket, while supplied with moist green leaves, will sing as merrily in a paper cage as in a grassy field.

"To the man of transparent skin and opaque fancy—or no fancy at all—the hum of the Gnat is suggestive, we know, of nothing but angry cheeks and swollen temples, with corresponding sounds of pshaws! and buffets; but to those who are less outwardly and more inwardly sensitive, the 'horn' even of this insect blood-hunter is not without its melody, with sylvan accompaniments, such as the ploughboy's whistle 'o'er the lea,' and the gurgle of pebbly brooks, red in the glowing sunset.

"When and wheresoever a bee may happen to flit humming past us, be it even near an apiary in the Adelphi, or a balcony hive at Hammersmith, is one not borne at once upon her musical wings to the side of some healthy hill? and does one not forthwith hear in concert the bleating of flocks, the bursting of ripened furze-pods, and the blithe carol of the rising skylark? or, our thoughts taking a turn more homely, we listen in fancy to the sound of tinkling cymbal played by rejoicing housewife to celebrate and accompany the aerial march of a departing swarm.

"Thus sweet and infinitely varied is the concert of concordant sounds, all of the allegro character, which may be assembled for the pleasing of the mental ear, even by the simple and single, and passing strains of the above and other insects which make melody in there mirth; and then how numerous are the correspondent images—glowing, smiling, dancing, waving, glittering—which are wont at their bidding to be conjured up before the mental eye! Glowing embers—smiling flowers—dancing leaves—waving cornfields—glittering waters—all intermingled in a haze of merry motion—an imaged dance of life got up within 'the chamber of the mind,' at the stirring of, sometimes, but a note of Nature's living music."—*Literary World.*

* Episodes of Insect Life. By Acheta Domestica, M.E.S. J. S. Redfield, New York.

A LETTER FROM A LADY, INQUIRING THE CHARACTER OF A SERVANT.

MADAM: Bridget Duster having applied to me for a place of maid-of-all-work, I beg to learn of you, as her last mistress, her fitness for the serious duties and responsibilities of that situation. Having suffered so much from the impertinence and wickedness of servants, (I have often thought they were sent into this world to torment respectable people), you will, I am sure, forgive me if I appear somewhat particular in my inquiries. Experience, madam, has made me circumspect. There was a time when I thought all the world was as good and as honest as myself; but housekeeping wipes the bloom from the human heart, and makes us lock our tea-caddies.

I have kept house for five and twenty years, in which time I have constantly endeavoured to find a servant who should be without a fault; yet, though I have given eight pounds a year, with tea and sugar—would you believe it?—I have never once succeeded. However, I must say, I like the face of Bridget; I never saw a deeper small-pox. As for handsome servants, I never have 'em; they always think more of their faces than their fire irons, and are puckering up their mouths at the looking-glass when they should be rubbing the door-plate. Curls, too, I never suffer to cross my threshold. I know of more than one instance in which curls have destroyed the peace of a family. For my money, a servant can't be too plain; in a word, I think ugliness to be a sort of cheap livery intended by nature for maids-of-all-works—it keeps 'em in their proper place, and prevents them thinking of foolishness. So far, Bridget's looks are most satisfactory.

And now, ma'am, for the article of dress. Servants never have been servants since finsey-woolsey went out. It makes my very flesh creep to see 'em flaunting about for all the world as if they were born to silk gloves and open-work in their stockings. I have seen a house-maid go out for the day with a parasol! I prophesied her end, and poor wretch! so it came about. What I have suffered, too, from such presumption! I once had a creature who copied every new cap I had—violating my best feelings under my own roof! Bridget looks like an humble dresser, fit for a kitchen: I trust she is.

I hope, however, she is sober. When servants are very plain, they sometimes, to revenge themselves on nature, fly to drink. This is shocking; for, with such people, with all one's locking and bolting, one's brandy is never safe.

In the next place, does Bridget break? Not but what I can always make my servants pay for what they destroy; still they can't pay for one's nerves. And again, there is this danger: they may break beyond their wages.

Is Bridget honest? Pray, madam, be particular on this point, for I have been much deceived. I once took a servant with the finest character for honesty; and only a week afterwards detected her giving three cold potatoes to a little hurdy-gurdy foreigner with white mice.

Is Bridget civil? Will she bear wholesome reproof? A servant who answers is my abomination. It is clearly flying in the face of the best interest of society. Surely people who pay wages have a right to find what fault they please; it is the natural privilege that marks the mistress from the maid. I would have a severe law to punish the servant who answers—even if right.

Is Bridget an early riser, without any reference to the time she may be allowed to go to bed? A good maid-of-all-work should, so to speak, be like a needle, and always sleep with one eye open.

Has Bridget any followers? Such creatures I never allow. I conceive that a servant ought to be a sort of a nun, and, from the moment she enters your house, she takes leave of all the world besides. Has she not her kitchen for willing hands always to do something in? And then for company, doesn't she see the butcher, and the baker, and the dustman—to say nothing of the sweeps?

Is Bridget industrious?—is she clean? I hope for the poor creature's sake that you may be able to answer these few questions to my satisfaction, when Bridget may immediately begin her boxes. With me her duties will be few, but they must be punctually performed. Indeed, I require a servant to consider herself a sort of human clock. She must have no temper, no sulks, no flesh-and-blood feelings, as I've heard impudent hussies call their airs and graces, but must go regularly through her work as though she was made of steel springs and brass pulleys. For such a person there is a happy home in the house of your obedient servant,

PERMILLA SHAW.

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

WORTHY OF CONSIDERATION.—A well-known political economist says: "We pay best, first, those who destroy us—generals; second, those who cheat us—politicians and quacks; third, those, those who amuse us—singers and musicians; and least of all, those who instruct us—authors and schoolmastors."

——THE *London Weekly News* says that at the late Vegetarian *soirée* one Rev. G. B. Watson proved intolerably tedious and digressive. The audience, though apparently not over-impatient in general, endeavoured to bring his address to a close by interruptions; whereupon the indignant orator resumed his seat, exclaiming that the gentleman interrupting him "was a butcher in disguise!"

——A PENSION of £200 a-year, on the Civil List, has been conferred upon Mr. Silk Buckingham. A pension of £200 a-year has also been given to Colonel Torrens, the author of several works on political economy. Mrs. Jamieson, the authoress of "Characteristics of Women," "The Female Characters of Shakspeare's Play's," &c., has received a pension on the Civil List of £100 a-year.

——RECIPE FOR A POPULAR SERMON.—Find out the opinions prevalent among your auditors; embody them, and none others, in your sermon of charge; exhibit to your hearers the reflections of your own imaginings, bedecked with the rich colourings of eloquence; be the flattering portrait painter of their minds, and you will be applauded to the echo, for, in praising you, the hearers are praising themselves. I may incidentally remark, that this explains the cause of the great popularity of controversial sermons; for, in nine cases out of ten, what does the controversial preacher say in effect? Simply this: "My brethren, you are all very clever and excellent fellows because you believe your own opinions, and your neighbours are either knaves or fools because they do not believe exactly as you do."—*The Bishop.*

——WORDSWORTH.—He decided against taking orders, and "as for the law," he says, "I had neither strength of mind, purse, or a constitution for that pursuit." He passed his time in what seemed to be idle and unfixed pursuits, with little object of any kind before him, till his pecuniary means were on the eve of exhaustion, and he was looking for employment from a London newspaper, when a dying friend, not connected with him by birth or by common intellectual pursuits, but who saw reason to believe that, in ministering to his wants, he would probably be serving society, left him £900. This saved Wordsworth from being compelled to took round for bread to the precarious chances of literature, from which, if a man once engages in them, it is difficult ever to become disentangled; and in some short time after the debt due from the Lonsdales to his father's estate was discharged. At no time, then, does Wordsworth appear to have been under such pressure of circumstances as weighed down the spirit of Coleridge, and as kept Southey a day labourer through the whole of his honoured life. We are compelled to feel